



August 2002 Rs. 15/-

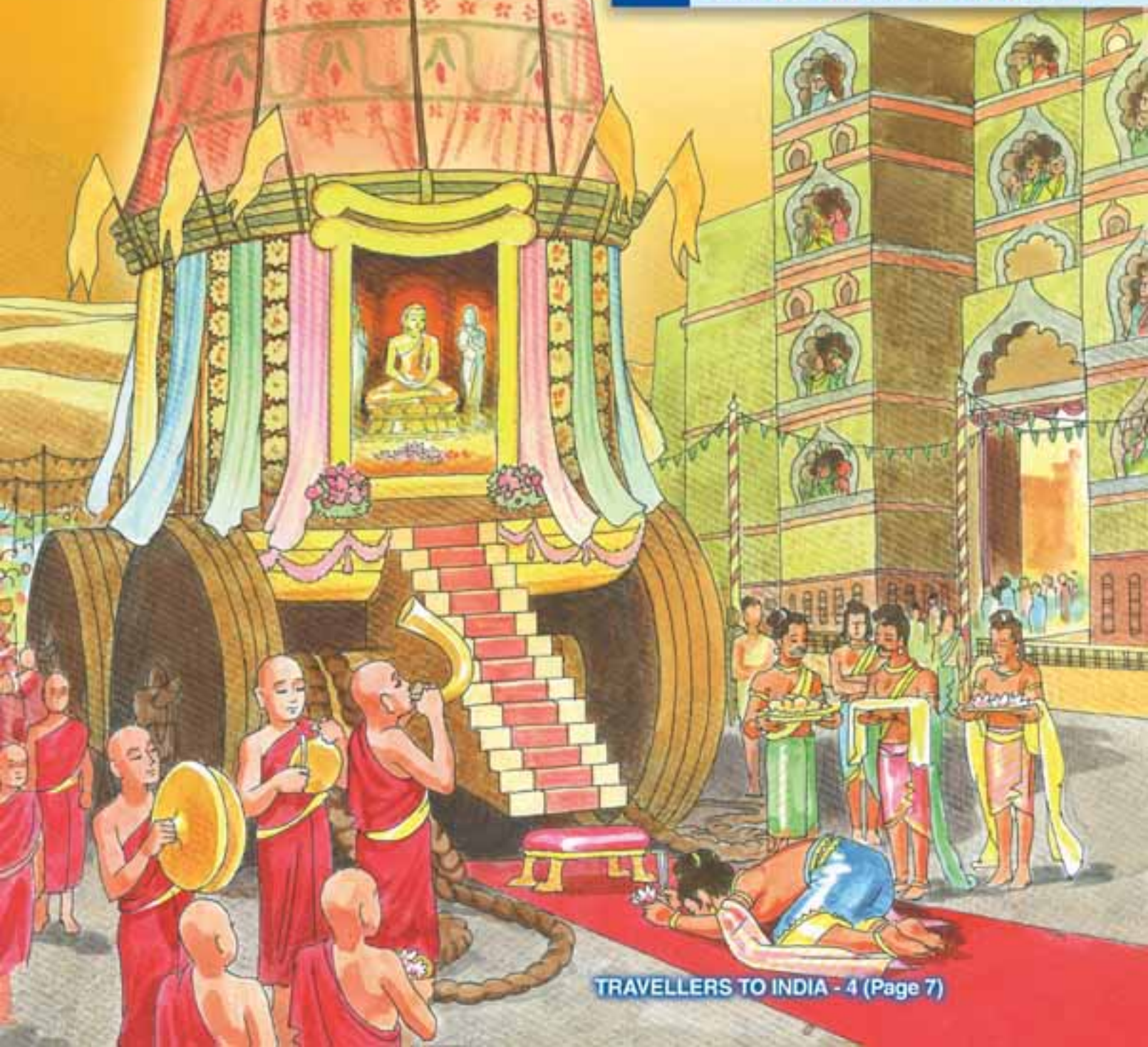
CHANDAMAMA

INSIDE

JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA

AN 8-PAGE STORY-CUM-ACTIVITY PULLOUT

**National Flag to mark
Independence Day 2002**



TRAVELLERS TO INDIA - 4 (Page 7)

ON THE SCENTED TRAIL

Little Chandana smells the leaves of the sandalwood tree.

"Pooh!" she says. "You're not sandalwood. You don't smell like one."

You're trying to fool me!"

"Ha, Ha!" laughs the old tree. "My scent is not in my leaves. It is in my heartwood, and in my roots."

"Heartwood, mind you, is not the bark or the sapwood. It is the wood covered by the bark. And my roots are so rich in oil that sandalwood trees are never cut down, only uprooted, so that the oil-rich roots are not wasted."



Sandalwood oil is a viscous, yellowish liquid with a distinctive, heavy and sweet odour. Its scent is long lasting. Sandalwood oil mainly consists of an alcoholic substance called santalol. Its scent and medicinal properties derive from santalol. The best quality sandalwood oil contains more than 90% santalol.



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KNOW YOUR SANDALWOOD

Which of the sentences given below are true and which false?

1. Sandalwood oil is used to make attars alongwith oils of other natural perfumed materials like roses and jasmines.
2. Sandalwood oil is used as additives in foods like ice creams.
3. A paste of sandalwood is applied to the forehead to cure fevers and headaches.

Answers : Only no. 2 is false.



PIRANHA



ACTIVE



CADET HX



YANKEE



KOBO COR

Heroes start early.

Ride, race, take a tumble or even take a fall.
Because it's never too early to be a hero.



Know the caves

Hey, there! Do you know what caves are? They are naturally formed hollows in the earth, generally large enough for a man to enter.

Come, let's go on a journey into the Belum Caves in Kurnool district of Andhra Pradesh. This is the longest cave system in India in the plains. It is over 3 km long, of which nearly a 2 km-area is now accessible conveniently. You know, of course, that a cave system is a series of connecting caves in one place.

The Belum Caves consist of long, winding passages, which open out suddenly into large spacious chambers with fresh water galleries and siphons, fantastic stalactites hanging from the roof and mysterious stalagmites standing on the floor of the cave.

When water containing carbon dioxide melts or dissolves limestone in a cave, the moisture drips down from the ceiling of the cave, and along with the minerals in it forms icicle-like tubes called stalactites. As the water drips down on the floor of the caves, the droplets form a small mound below. These are called stalagmites.

The Andhra Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation (APTDC) has converted the Belum Caves into a beautiful tourist spot. The APTDC has cleared up the slush inside, created pathways, and illuminated the caves to reveal a breathtaking view. In the innermost recesses, shafts have been provided to ensure a steady supply of fresh air. Powerful blowers located on the surface feed these shafts.

Let us enter the Belum caves with the help of a flight of steps.

The first chamber in the cave system is called the Simhadwaram. It is graced with a small but beautiful pond, a waterfall, and a fountain. This is the biggest chamber in the cave system and its roof is about 9 m high.

Another chamber, called the Mantapam, is an underground hall richly decorated with stalactites.

A passage then leads you to the chamber called Pathalaganga. The attraction here is a mini waterfall.

The roof of the caves is as high as 20 m at some places. There is a groove winding its way along the ceiling. This channel has been illuminated to enhance its beauty.

A spiral staircase takes you into a chamber full of stalactites, called Kotilingalu or the hall of million *lingas*. These fantastic stalactites look like a miniature Himalayan range upside down! You can also see stalactites of wonderful luminescence here. They owe the colours to their mineral content.

ANDHRA PRADESH TOURISM
DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION



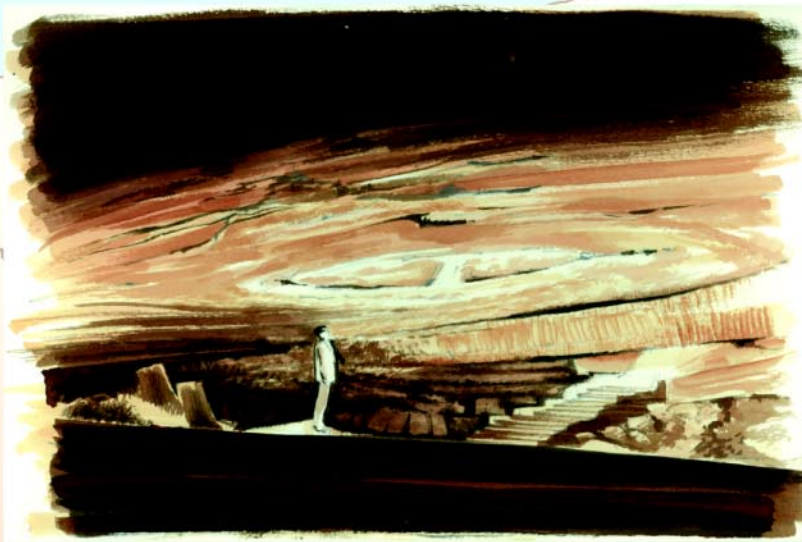
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BelumCaves

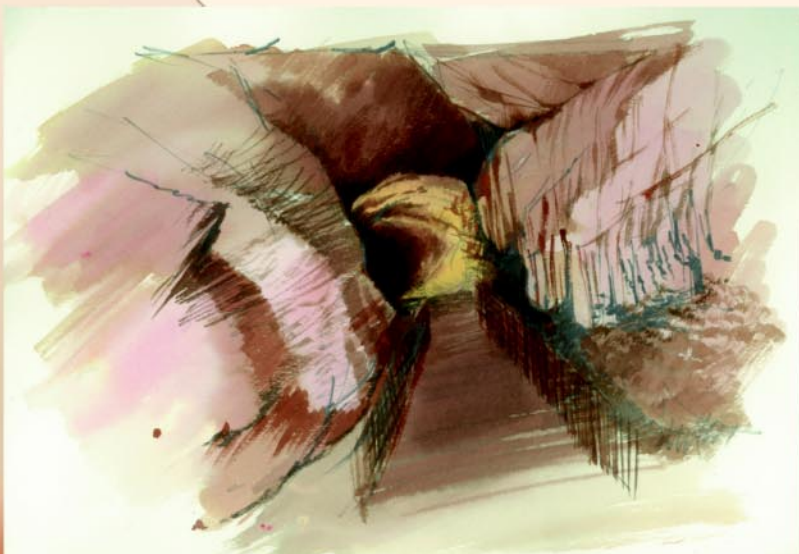
Nature's wonder

These million-year old caves were first mentioned in modern times by a British geologist, Robert Bruce Foote. This was in 1884. Almost a century later, in 1982-83, a team of speleologists led by Daniel Gebaur, a German, explored the Belum Caves thoroughly. Speleology, you might like to know, is the scientific study of caves in their physical, geological, and biological aspects. In 1999, the APTDC took charge of the caves to convert them into a convenient tourist attraction.

Make sure you visit the Belum Caves. They are an unforgettable example of the splendour of nature.



Location: Near Belum village, Kolimigundla Mandal in Kurnool district. There are bus connections from nearby towns. 110 km from Kurnool via Banganapalle * 60 km from Nandyal * 31 km from Tadipatri * 84 km from Anantapur * 270 km from Bangalore. APTDC can arrange or advise on school excursion trips to the Caves.



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No.82 Defence Officers' Colony

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August 2002

No.8

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Outwitted!

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**Plus
JUNIOR
CHANDAMAMA**

Loyalty to one's nation

India became independent 55 years ago. The nascent nation remained a developing country for several years. Slowly India left behind many developing nations so as to prompt some of the advanced countries sit up and say, "India has come of age." Our achievements in the field of space technology and capability to build nuclear deterrents have enabled India to join certain exclusive "clubs".

While this should naturally make every Indian proud of his or her country, there is another aspect which calls for serious consideration. Are we really loyal to our nation? Haven't we moved away from the country's hoary past? Listen to the Father of the Nation: "I do not want my house to be walled on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the cultures of all countries in the world to blow freely across my house, but I shall not be blown off my feet by any." Like Gandhiji, Swami Vivekananda also had exhorted Indians "to safeguard, preserve, promote, and hold firmly to our heritage, culture, our roots and our distinct identity."

The examples of Japan and Germany are before us. At the end of the Second World War, they found themselves devastated. However, those who survived the War remained loyal to their nations. It did not take more than ten years for these two countries to resurrect themselves. The people's patriotism stood them in good stead.

A nation derives its strength from its people. Let us remember this on the 55th anniversary of the country's Independence, and strive the utmost to make India a stronger nation.

Editorial Advisors : RUSKIN BOND, MANOJ DAS **Consultant Editor :** K. RAMAKRISHNAN

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Founded by

**B. Nagi Reddi
and
Chakrapani**

Editor
Viswam

COVER STORY

Travellers to India-4

Fa Hian was a Buddhist pilgrim from China, who visited India between A.D. 400 and 500 with the intention of copying and carrying back Buddhist manuscripts available here.

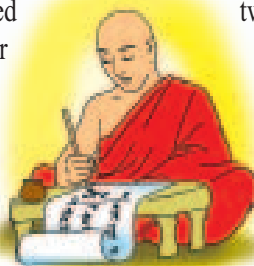
The spunky pilgrim led a team that trekked through the Karakoram ranges and entered the country at Kashmir. He spent six years in India, visiting every spot associated with the Buddha. He travelled down the length of river Ganga and spent long months of research and study at every renowned monastery.

His records do not mention the names of the kings who ruled the places he visited – which shows how single-minded he was in his spiritual study! However, they carry dates of his travels, which help us identify the king as Chandragupta II. Fa Hian has recorded that Chandragupta II ruled over the entire mid-India, which corresponds to the modern Bihar, Uttar Pradesh and parts

Fa Hian

of Rajasthan. Fa Hian spent three years in Pataliputra, learning Sanskrit and studying the scriptures.

Our cover illustration describes a grand annual Buddhist festival, the Gomathi festival, that Fa Hian witnessed in a faraway kingdom in the northwest. The festival began on the first day of the fourth month of the Buddhist year and continued till the fourteenth day. A golden image of the Buddha, flanked by two Bodhisattvas and the *devas*, would be placed in a four-wheeled 30 feet high car, decorated with silken streamers, flags, and curtains. The car would leave the *monastery* outside the city and move towards the city gates, where the king and his attendants welcomed it at a specially erected pavilion. The king would go bareheaded and barefoot to the idol and worship it with flowers and incense. The car would then be moved into the city. On all ten days of the festival, similar car processions would commence from each of the monasteries around the town.



Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

Heroes of India - 11

You can seek and find different types of heroes in modern India. Here are a few of them. Do you know them?

**Three
all correct entries
will receive bicycles
as awards.***

- 1** I'm the only Indian film director to win an Oscar Award for lifetime achievement. That's a give away, isn't it? Name me.

.....

- 2** I was awarded the first World Food Prize in 1987. I am also known as the father of Green Revolution. Who am I?

.....

- 3** I am an outstanding Marathi playwright. My plays are known for their punch. Do you know me?

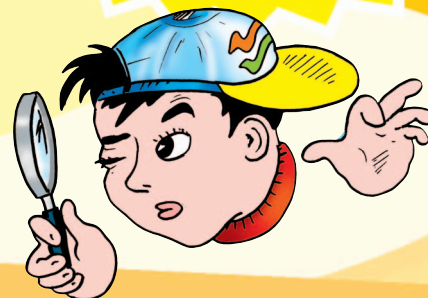
.....

- 4** I was the first Indian cosmonaut. You need no other clues to tell my name.

.....

- 5** My name is synonymous with Odissi dance. I'm a Padmashree and Padmabhushan awardee. What is my name?

.....



Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite hero of modern India is**

Name of participant:.....

.....Age:.....Class:.....

Address:.....

.....

.....

Pin:.....Ph:.....

Signature of participant:.....

Signature of parent:.....

Please tear off the page and mail it to

Heroes of India Quiz-11

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No.82, Defence Officers Colony

Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

On/before **September 5, 2002**

Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. *Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero**.
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

**Prizes brought
to you by**



**HERO
CYCLES**

A Scientist-President

India's eleventh President is Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam. One of the country's topmost scientists, he was nominated by the ruling National Democratic Alliance and was supported by some of the Opposition parties, including the Congress. And his success at the July 15 election was a foregone conclusion. He took over as the First Citizen on July 24. This is probably the first ever instance the world over of a scientist becoming the head of a state.

Dr. Avul Pakir Jainulabdeen Abdul Kalam, to give his full name, was born into a middle class family of Rameswaram in 1931. His father owned two ferry-boats which transported passengers between Rameswaram and Dhanushkodi. Abdul, who was the youngest of seven children of his parents, had his early education in panchayat and district schools. He completed his SSLC from a Christian missionary school in Ramanathapuram.

After graduating in Physics from St. Joseph's College, Tiruchirapalli, Abdul Kalam joined the Madras Institute of Technology in Chromepet, a suburb of Chennai, to study aeronautics. A clue to his choice of subject can be had from an oft-repeated statement by him: "Whenever you get the feeling that you are one up on others, just look at the sky with all the twinkling stars, and you will realise what a mere speck you are in the universe."

After obtaining his post-graduate degree, he joined the Indian Space Research Organisation and later moved to the Defence Research and Development Organisation. He was in charge of production of missiles like 'Agni' and 'Prithvi'. The success of this programme earned him a nickname, the 'missile man'. He was responsible for the success of the nuclear implosions at Pokhran and earlier for the launch of the Rohini I satellite with the help of the SLV III launch vehicle. At the pinnacle of his career, he became the Scientific Advisor to the government. The nation honoured him with the highest civilian award, the Bharat Ratna.

At the time of his nomination for the post of President,

Dr. Kalam was serving as Professor Emeritus, at Anna University in Chennai, where he worked towards establishing a brain research centre to help children mentally impaired to lead a normal life. The idea of such a centre was sown by one of the researchers who had taken up the subject "Computer and brain". On a casual meeting, Dr. Kalam asked him how India would benefit by his research. He then mentioned the thousands of mentally affected children in the country. Dr. Kalam was immediately drawn to the subject. "If that's the case, let's study together," he told the researcher.

Those who know him closely often remark about his humility, simplicity, honesty, and sincerity. In the wake of the success of "Agni," when people were showering praise on him, he checked them. "This is not *my* success. It is a *team effort* of nearly 2,000 persons."

On retirement, Dr. Abdul Kalam expressed a desire to spend most of his time with children and the youth. He frequently visited educational institutions and addressed groups of children on the country's future.

At Porbandar, the birthplace of Gandhiji, he was asked for a message, and he said: **"Everyone should grow with the thought that the nation is bigger than the individual."** Asserting that he is an Indian first and foremost, he often speaks of his vision to make India a fully developed nation by the year 2020.

Dr. Kalam, we are told, is adept at reciting the *Koran* in Urdu and the *Bhagavad Gita* in Sanskrit with equal facility. Recalling two photographs he remembers to have seen in newspapers a day after Independence, of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru hoisting the national flag and Gandhiji walking the streets of riot-ravaged Naokhali, he would comment: "Leadership has to be of unique quality." India now has such a leader as President.

On behalf of thousands of its readers, *Chandamama* conveys its good wishes to Dr. Abdul Kalam.



Remembering Swami Vivekananda

The year 2002 marks the centenary of the passing away of Swami Vivekananda.

Born as Narendranath on January 12, 1863, he was expected to pursue the legal profession, like his father Viswanath Dutta. But before he joined any Law College, Narendranath, still in his teens, happened to meet Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, who told him he was not cut for an ordinary life and revealed that he saw in the young man a great soul born with the sole mission of enlightening people and serving them.

In fact, even in his boyhood Narendranath was no ordinary child. He was hardly six when, one day, he rushed into the middle of the road and rescued a small boy from being run over by a fast-moving horse-drawn carriage. Narendranath was not afraid of dangers.

A remarkable trait in him was his quest for Truth. For instance, he was never shy of asking any holy man he met: "Have you seen God?" He never got a satisfactory answer, till he met Sri Ramakrishna, to whom he repeated the question. The seer replied: "I see God just as I see you; I see Him even more intensely."

The young seeker realised that he had at last found a Guru—one who would lead him on the path to Truth. Sri Ramakrishna formally accepted him as his disciple. The year was 1882. The Master wanted him to work for the resurgence of the country; like him, Narendranath too, realised that the people had forgotten their spiritual past.

When Sri Ramakrishna passed away in 1886, he organised a group of his disciples. He undertook a tour of India, spreading the message of Sri Ramakrishna. By now he himself had acquired several disciples. Some of them insisted that he should represent India and Hinduism at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, USA, in 1893. Before his departure, he took the name Vivekananda. His participation in the Parliament and his speech had an

electrifying effect on the delegates. He referred to the ancient Hindu *dharma* which views the entire mankind as a manifestation of God, and pointed out how universal Hinduism is. His analysis was a revelation to Western philosophers. He was hailed as the 'Bridge-builder between the East and the West.'

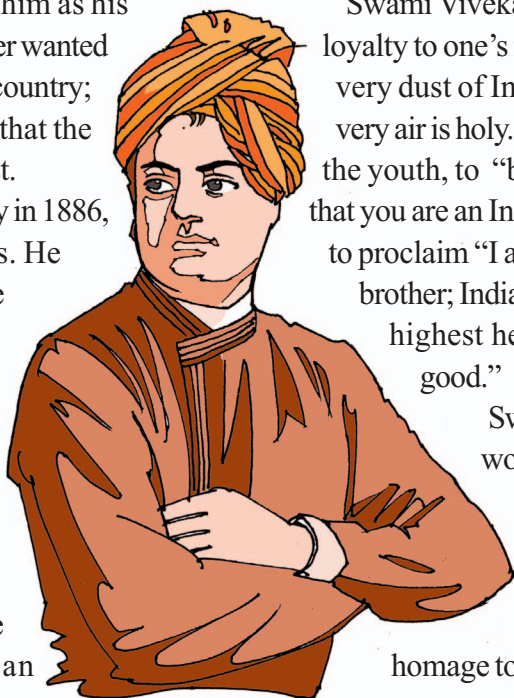
On his return to India, Swami Vivekananda founded the Ramakrishna Math and Mission in 1897. This was later to grow into a mighty institution with service to humanity as its motto. The Swami, through his speeches and writings, inspired millions of people in India and elsewhere with the message of Truth. He dedicated his life to the moral and spiritual upliftment of India and the world.

It was during his stay in Madras (now Chennai) on arrival from Colombo, en route to Calcutta, that he revealed his "Plan of Campaign" for India. In a speech, he said: "My India, arise! Each nation, like each individual, has one theme in this life. If any nation attempts to throw off its national vitality, the direction which has become its own through the transmission of centuries, that nation dies. Every man has to make his own choice; so has every nation. We made our choice ages ago."

Swami Vivekananda always stressed on one's loyalty to one's motherland. Once he said: "The very dust of India has become holy to me, the very air is holy." He asked the people, especially the youth, to "be bold, take courage, be proud that you are an Indian." He exhorted every citizen to proclaim "I am an Indian, every Indian is my brother; India is my life, the soil of India is my highest heaven; the good of India is my good."

Swami Vivekananda left this mortal world on July 4, 1902. He was only 39 then. It appears he had once prophesied: "I shall not live to be forty years old."

Chandamama pays its humble homage to this great son of India.



KOKI PLAYS THE GAME

“There’s a cricket match on Saturday, isn’t there?” asked Koki.

“That’s right,” said Ranji. “We’re playing the Public School team.”

“I might come and watch,” said Koki.

“As you like. It won’t be much of a game. We’ll beat them easily.”

Ranji’s own cricket team was quite different from his school team. It consisted of boys big and small, long and short, from various walks of life. Even Koki, a girl, was allowed an honorary membership, and had sometimes been included as the “twelfth man”—an extra; but she knew the game well, and often bowled to Ranji in the mornings, whenever he wanted batting practice. Only a couple of the team members could afford to go to private schools like Ranji’s; most of them went to the local government school; and two or three had stopped going to school altogether.

There was Bhartu, who delivered newspapers in the mornings; and the brothers Mukesh and Rakesh, whose father kept a sweet shop; and a tailor’s son, Amir Ali; and Billy Jones, an

Anglo-Indian boy; and “Lumboo”—the tall one; and Sitaram, the washerman’s son, and several others. And there was also Bhim, who couldn’t play at all, but who made a good umpire (when his glasses weren’t steamed over) and who accompanied the team wherever it went.

This Saturday they were playing on their “home” ground, a patch of wasteland behind a new cinema called *Apsara* (heavenly danseuse).

The Public School boys had arrived first, which was only natural since they all lived in the same boarding school. The members of Ranji’s team came from different directions; so it was some time before they all had assembled. Even then they were two short. But Ranji won the toss and decided to bat, hoping that the missing team-members would arrive in time to take their turn at the wicket.

“If Mukesh and Rakesh aren’t here in time, we won’t have them in the team,” said Ranji sternly.

“Don’t sack them,” said Lumboo. “They always bring us sweets and snacks from their father’s shop. We need them in the team even if they don’t score any runs.”

“Well, if they turn up *without* refreshments, they’ll be sacked,” said Ranji, always ready to be fair.

The two umpires had gone out to set up the stumps—Bhim, on behalf of Ranji’s team, and a teacher from the Public School.

“I don’t like the look of that teacher,” said Amir Ali.

“Well, we won’t take any risks.”

Billy Jones and Lumboo always opened the batting. Lumboo’s height helped him deal with the fast rising ball. He took the first ball.

The Public School’s opening bowler was speedy but inaccurate. This was because he was trying to bowl too fast. His first ball went for a wide, which gave Ranji’s team its first run. The second ball wasn’t quite so wide, but it was still about a foot from the leg stump. Lumboo took a swipe at it and missed. The third ball pitched half-way down the wicket and kept low. It struck Lumboo on the pads.



“Howzaat!” shouted the bowler, wicket-keeper, and slip-fielders in unison.

The Public School’s umpire did not hesitate. Up went his finger. Lumboo was given out lbw.

Lumboo stood aghast. He looked down at where his feet were placed, then back at his stumps.

“I’m not in front of the wicket,” he complained, to no one in particular.

“The umpire’s word is law,” said the wicket-keeper.

Lumboo walked slowly back to where his team-mates reclined against a pile of bricks.

“I wasn’t out!” he protested.

“Never mind,” said Ranji, whose turn it was to bat. “You’ll get your chance when you come on to bowl.”

He walked to the wicket with a confident air, his bat resting on his shoulder. He took guard carefully; and, tapping his bat on the ground, faced the bowler. He received a straight ball, fast, and met it on the half-volley, driving it straight back past the bowler. It sped to the boundary, amidst delighted cries from Ranji’s teammates. Four runs.

The next ball was short, just outside the off-stump. Ranji stepped back and square-cut it past point. Another four. There were more cheers, and this time Ranji distinctly heard a girl’s voice, shouting: “Good shot, Ranji!”

He looked back to where his team-mates were gathered. There was no girl among them. He turned and looked toward the opposite boundary, and there, under the giant cinema hoarding, stood Koki. She waved to him.

Ranji did not wave back. He felt acutely self-conscious. Settling down to face the bowler again, he was aware of two things at once—of the bowler making faces and charging up to bowl, and of Koki standing on the boundary and waiting for him to hit another four. This loss in concentration caused him to misjudge the next ball. Instead of playing forward, he played back. The ball took the edge of his bat and flew straight into the wicket-keeper’s gloves.

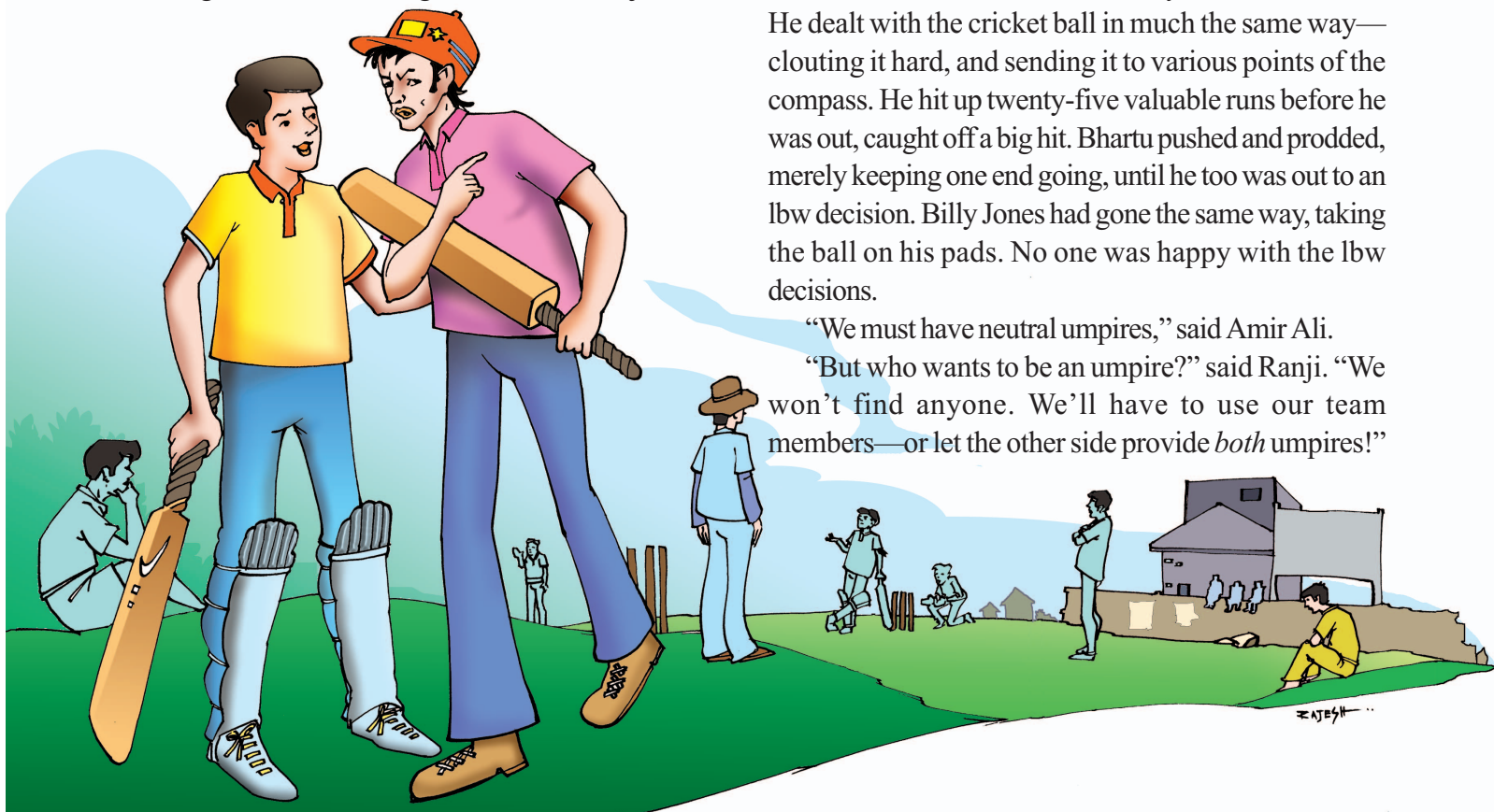
“Howzaat!” shouted all the fielders appealing for a catch.

Ranji did not wait for the umpire—in this case, Bhim—to give him out. He knew he had touched the ball. Scowling, he walked back to his team. It was all Koki’s fault!

Now there was a good partnership between Sitaram and Bhartu. Sitaram, who helped his father with the town’s washing on Sundays, was in the habit of laying out clothes on a flat stone and pounding them with a stout stick—the method followed by most washermen. He dealt with the cricket ball in much the same way—clouting it hard, and sending it to various points of the compass. He hit up twenty-five valuable runs before he was out, caught off a big hit. Bhartu pushed and prodded, merely keeping one end going, until he too was out to an lbw decision. Billy Jones had gone the same way, taking the ball on his pads. No one was happy with the lbw decisions.

“We must have neutral umpires,” said Amir Ali.

“But who wants to be an umpire?” said Ranji. “We won’t find anyone. We’ll have to use our team members—or let the other side provide *both* umpires!”



“Not after today,” said Lumboo.

Meanwhile, Mukesh and Rakesh had arrived, carrying paper-bags bursting with *samosas* and *jalebis*. As a result, everyone cheered up. Wickets fell almost as rapidly as the snacks and sweets were consumed. Mukesh and Rakesh, who were the last men in, held out for several overs until Rakesh was given out lbw. Ranji’s team was all out for 87 runs—not really a match-winning score, except on a tricky wicket.

It was the Public School team’s turn to bat. One of their opening batsmen was bowled by Lumboo for nought. The other batsman was twice rapped on the pads by balls from Ranji, but his loud appeals for lbw were turned down—by the Public School’s umpire, naturally! Muttering to himself, Ranji hurled down a thunderbolt of a ball. It rose sharply and struck the batsman on the hand. Howling with pain, he dropped his bat and wrung his hand. Then he showed everyone a swollen finger and decided to “retire hurt”.

“There’s more than one way of getting them out,” muttered Ranji as he passed the umpire.

The next two batsmen were good players, not as nervous as the openers. One of them got what might have been a faint tickle to an outswinger from Lumboo, but he was given the benefit of the doubt by Bhim—who, as umpires went, was as impartial as a star. He showed no favours to his own team, no matter what the other umpire did. It just isn’t fair, thought Ranji...

The number three and four batsmen put on forty runs between them, and by mid-afternoon Ranji’s players were feeling tired and hungry. Then three quick wickets fell to Sitaram’s spinners. Three wickets remained, and twenty runs were needed by the Public School for a victory.

This was when Bhartu, running to take a catch,

collided with chubby Mukesh. Both of them went sprawling on the grass, and when they got up, the ball was found lodged in the back of Mukesh’s pants. How it got there no one could tell, but after much discussion, the umpires had to agree that it qualified as a catch and the batsman was given out. But Bhartu had to leave the ground with a bleeding nose.

Ranji looked around for a replacement. There was no one in sight except Koki.

“Come and field,” said Ranji brusquely.

Koki needed no persuading. She slipped off her sandals and dashed barefoot on to the field, taking up Bhartu’s position near the boundary.

The tail-end batsmen were now swinging at the ball in a desperate attempt to hit off the remaining runs. A hard-hit drive sped past Koki and went for four runs.

Ranji gave her a hard look. Then the two batsmen got into a muddle while trying to take a quick run, and one of them was run out.

The last man came in. The Public School was eight runs behind. But a couple of boundaries would take care of that.

The batsmen ran two. And then one of them, over-confident and sure of victory, swung out at a slow, tempting ball from Sitaram, and the ball flew towards Koki in a long, curving arc.

Koki had to run a few yards to her left. Then she leapt like a gazelle and took the ball in both hands.

Ranji’s team won, and Koki had made the winning catch.

It was her last appearance as “twelfth man”. From that day onwards she was a regular member of the team.

As prayers go up,
blessings come down.
-Anonymous

We must learn to live
together as brothers
or perish together as fools.
- Martin Luther King Jr.





STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

A ZOROASTRIAN TALE

Mishkin's fortunes

Far away in the ancient land of Persia, thousands of years ago, there lived a very poor woodcutter called Mishkin. He lived with his wife and his pretty young daughter, Yasmin, in a rickety house. They were so poor that although he worked hard, they often went without food.

One day, as Yasmin waited hungrily for her meagre lunch to get ready, a delicious aroma of sizzling meat wafted into their house from their neighbour's. Can you blame her tongue for watering? How she wished she could taste that meat! The young girl thought of a little harmless trick to get invited to dinner next door. 'Let me go there at dinner time and ask for a matchstick. They will surely offer me some of that delicious meat then!' she thought.

However, when she arrived at the neighbour's doorstep with her request, she had a rude shock. The lady of the house was angry that Yasmin should stand on their hearth when the special dish was being ladled out to the family members. 'She has actually come for the meat, not the matchstick. But I won't give her that pleasure,' she thought, rather cruelly. She gave her some matchsticks and sent her packing.

But Yasmin did not give up so easily. She went there again

very soon. "Aunty, my fire has gone out again," she said. But again she got nothing more than a few matchsticks. When the girl turned up a third time, the aunty rasped angrily: "Don't you know that fire is sacred and mustn't be put out often? It's not the matchsticks that bring you here....we know that!" and she slammed the door.

Yasmin felt miserable. She had not been able to taste that wonderful dish, and what was worse, she had been insulted by that aunty. When her father returned home from work that day, he saw her long, gloomy face and asked her what had happened. She poured out her woes to him.

Mishkin felt very bad that his daughter had been so shabbily treated by the neighbour. "Don't worry, my child," he consoled her. "I'll work harder tomorrow and with the extra money I earn, I shall buy all the ingredients to cook meat, and your mother shall cook it for you tomorrow."

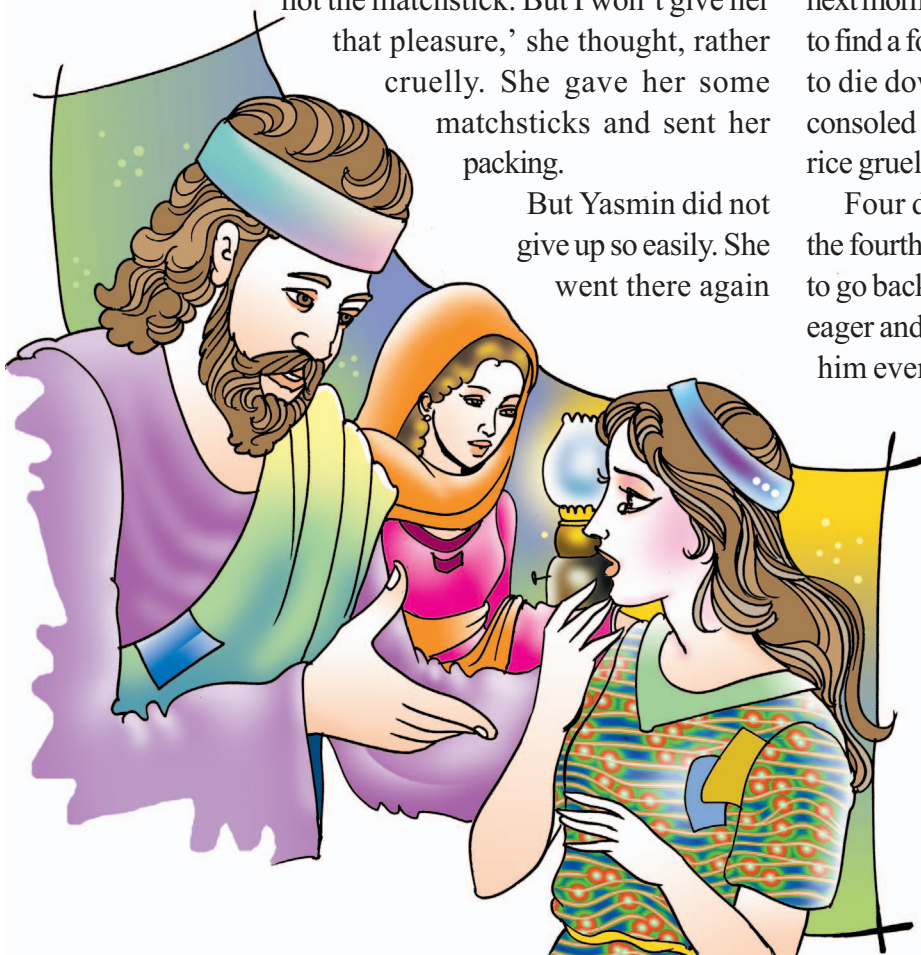
But, alas, things did not happen as he planned. Early next morning when he reached the forest, he was horrified to find a forest fire raging. He waited till the evening for it to die down, but it did not. So he returned home and consoled his daughter as best as he could. They ate thin rice gruel for dinner and went to bed.

Four days passed and the forest fire raged on. On the fourth day, Mishkin was so upset that he decided not to go back home at all. He could no longer let down the eager and hopeful Yasmin who would rush out to meet him every evening. He sat down and began weeping aloud.

Some angels who were flying by heard his cries. Among them was Warharan Yazad, the angel who solves everybody's problems. He went up to Mishkin and asked him, "Why are you crying? Can I help you?" Mishkin told him the whole story – about their selfish neighbours, Yasmin's desire, and the forest fire.

Warharan Yazad was moved. He picked up a fistful of sand from the ground and gave

Chandamama



it to Mishkin. "This will make your life more comfortable. Keep it safe. And if you do find your life improving, then remember us in gratitude and narrate this story. Make an offering of nuts, flowers, and sweets and distribute them among those who listen to your story."

The angels disappeared. Mishkin looked at the sand. 'How can this sand change my life?' he wondered. And he got his reply right away! A strange voice boomed from the sky: "Have faith, Mishkin! Take care of the sand and it will bring you prosperity. If you throw it away, you'll only regret your act."

So he took the sand home with him and put it in a corner of the front room in his house before he went to bed. Next morning, when he woke up, he found the whole room lit with a strange glow. "Some strange thief has entered our house," Yasmin said, trembling. But he brushed aside her fears. "What is there to take in this poor woodcutter's house except for an old stone axe? No thief will waste his time here."

He began searching for the source of the strange glow. And he found it, too. In the corner where he had put the sand was now a dazzling heap of the most amazing gems he had ever seen. He gasped. The sand had indeed changed his life for the better! He fell to the ground and thanked god. He then explained to his wife and daughter how he had met some angels and how they had helped him.

Later that day, he took one of the gems to the market. When he showed it to a jeweller, the man's eyes nearly popped out. He had never seen such a gem! He offered him a grand sum of money for it and this time, it was Mishkin's eyes that popped out. He had never seen so much money in his life. As he stood dumbstruck, the

jeweller doubted whether he was not satisfied with the offer. So he filled three huge bags full of money and asked Mishkin to toss his gem and take away whichever bag it landed on. The gem landed on the biggest of the three bags and Mishkin walked off with it.

Now he went shopping. He first bought some nuts, fruits and cardamom, said thanks to the angels and god, and distributed these to people in the market. Then he bought all the ingredients for the meat dish that his daughter had wanted to taste, and a lot of other wonderful things. That afternoon, Mishkin and his

family had the most delicious lunch they had eaten in their lives.

Soon they became prosperous. Mishkin built a grand house that was more splendid than even the king's palace. The family became so important in the town that even the king's family became their friends.

But Mishkin always remained a devout man. He never forgot to make an offering of nuts, fruits, and cardamom to god, and narrate the story of his fortune to pious people.

One day, Mishkin felt an urge to go on a pilgrimage. Before leaving, he entrusted Yasmin with the task of praying and making an offering to god every day.

But Yasmin had changed much now. She had many friends, all rich and beautiful. The princess was among her close friends. She went on shopping trips and picnics with them. She often forgot to pray and thank god as her father had told her to.

One day, as they were frolicking around the town, Yasmin and the princess came to a cool pond. "Come, let's swim here, Yasmin," said the princess. But Yasmin did not know swimming. So, she said she would sit ashore and take care of the princess's costly garments and jewels while she swam.

A pleasant breeze was blowing and Yasmin soon dozed



off. She did not see a bird swooping down on the princess's necklace in the jewel heap and flying off with it! Poor Yasmin! When the princess came ashore, she was shocked to find her priceless necklace missing. "Yasmin, you thief!" she screamed at her friend. "I never thought you'd steal my jewels!" Yasmin pleaded innocence but the princess would not believe her. She had Yasmin and her mother arrested and thrown into prison.

Mishkin returned to an empty house. His neighbours told him the whole story. He ran to the king and pleaded that he be arrested and his wife and daughter released. The king took pity on him and granted his wish.

That night, Mishkin, chained and bound to an iron pillar, called out to god to have mercy. Warharan Yazad appeared in front of him. "I did so much for you, and you could not even say a thanksgiving prayer daily!"

"I'm sorry," sobbed Mishkin. "It was my daughter's mistake and she has paid enough for it. Please show me a way out of this mess."

The angel took pity on him and said, "In the morning when you wake up, you'll find some money under your pillow. Your chain will loosen up, too. If you order some nuts out of this money and pray, all your difficulties will be resolved."

The next morning Mishkin found that the chain that bound him to the pillar had fallen off miraculously! He also found the money just as the angel had predicted.

He peered out of the prison window and stopped a man passing by. "My friend, can you get me some nuts with this money?" he begged. The man was in a hurry. His son was seriously ill and his relatives had asked him to hurry to his bedside. And yet when he saw Mishkin's pleading face, he set aside his problems and obliged.

Mishkin then told him his story and gave him some nuts as offering. When the man went home, he found that his son had recovered. He too began to pray with nuts and fruits for Warharan Yazad regularly.

After Mishkin began offering thanksgiving to god once again, his fortunes picked up. One day, when the king was relaxing in the royal garden with his family, a bird flew overhead and dropped a necklace into the princess's lap. "Father, this is the same necklace that I had accused Yasmin of stealing!" exclaimed the princess. "I've

wronged her." The king was most remorseful. He rushed to the prison and himself set free Mishkin.

"Forgive me," he said, embracing him. "I've wronged you and your daughter. As compensation, I'd like my son to marry your Yasmin. Our family is proud to associate with such pious people as you."

Mishkin was delighted beyond words. Very soon, Yasmin was married to the young prince. When the queen saw Mishkin narrating his story and offering thanksgiving, she was curious to know about it. "I'm reciting the story of the great god's bounty and his kindness to his devotees. Those who narrate this story and make an offering of nuts, fruits, and cardamom will be benefited in life. So will those who listen to the story with faith!" explained Mishkin.

Since then, Zoroastrians believe that if a story of god's bounty is narrated, it would benefit both the narrator and the listener.

- Retold by Sumy



INTELLIGENCE IN A POT

Dark was the moonless night and weird the atmosphere. Only occasional flashes of lightning lit up the sombre scene and caused an eerie dance of jerky and frightening shadows in the cremation ground. But King Vikram was undaunted. He went up the old banyan tree to bring the corpse down.

King Vikram stepped on a half-broken skull, and it got crushed under his feet. He climbed up the tree and brought down the corpse and started walking away from the cremation ground.

The Vetala that possessed the corpse said, "I do not know why you are so very persistent. Don't you have any other work to do? You can achieve much more by using this time in a constructive way. Let me tell you the story of King Parakrama. That will give you some relief."

The Vetala then narrated the story:

Virpur was a small kingdom. It was ruled by King Virasen, after his wise and efficient father passed away a few months earlier. The king, though young, was extremely clever and intelligent. He never took any hasty decisions. He would always consult his council of ministers when the royal court met and discuss the problems facing the kingdom with the ministers individually, too. This resulted in proper administration carried out efficiently by the officials. So much so, peace and tranquillity prevailed throughout Virpur.



Virpur was surrounded on three sides by a bigger kingdom, Surpur. It was ruled by a king called Parakrama. He always kept an eye on Virpur and had long desired to annex it to his kingdom. He could not do anything as long as Virasen's father was alive. He was very powerful and everyone feared him.

Now that he was no more, and Virasen who had succeeded him was quite young, Parakrama revived his designs to annex Virpur. He thought, 'Virasen is a young fellow. He'll be inexperienced in waging a war in the frontiers. It'll therefore, be a cakewalk for me. Soon Virpur will become mine.'

Parakrama then called a meeting of all his ministers and told them about his plans to invade Virpur. Most of the ministers approved of his proposal. But the chief minister had some reservations.

He said, "Your majesty, what you say is right. But we must collect all the details about our enemy before we go for an attack. Let's ascertain the young king's mettle before we invade Virpur."

King Parakrama felt that it was a wise suggestion

and set about to draft a letter to Virasen. The king and the ministers thought they would know all about Virasen's courage and intelligence from his reply to their letter.

Parakrama's messenger gave the letter to King Virasen. The letter was read out in the court.

It contained a strange message: 'King Virasen, your late father kept his kingdom sound, safe, and in good shape with the help of his wisdom, courage and intelligence. I, King Parakrama of Surpur, wish to test your merit, and your eligibility to don the mantle of your father. Send me a quantity of that which I value the most — intelligence! If you are unable to meet my request in three months, you must get ready to pay for the consequences of your failure!'

The letter created a sensation in the royal court of Virapur. The young king was astonished at the strange request. The ministers realised that it was no ordinary request and there must be some sinister motive behind it.

Only one man seemed to have a clue about what to do. He was Madiyugi, one of the senior ministers. He stood up and said, "Your majesty, give me three months time and I'll solve the riddle of this letter."

A hushed silence fell in the court, and nobody stirred, but looked at each other, trying to guess what Madiyugi proposed to do.

Virasen did not dare ask Madiyugi in whom he had great confidence. He accepted the proposal and wrote back to Parakrama that his request would be met within three months.

By the end of the third month, Madiyugi came to the court, bringing along a huge sack. He then told King Virasen, "The intelligence that King Parakrama wanted is in this sack. Let's send it to him right away."

Everyone wondered what was in the sack, but no one dared to ask. Even King Virasen was silent. The sack was immediately sent off to King Parakrama.

King Parakrama was surprised to receive the sack. In the full assembly of the court, it was opened. The king and his ministers curiously peeped into it.

Inside the sack was a small-mouthed earthen pot, and inside the pot was a big watermelon, which hugged the sides of the pot tightly.

The tendril of the melon sprouted through the narrow mouth of the pot.

The earthen pot was intact and there were no cracks anywhere. Along with it was a letter addressed to King Parakrama. It read: "As requested by you, I'm sending intelligence inside a pot. Please take it out without breaking the pot."

The king pondered for some time and then said, "It seems Virasen is not as naive as we had thought. We must be careful in dealing with him."

He then wrote back to King Virasen, "Thank you for the thoughtful gift. I shall always treasure your friendship more than anything else."

King Virasen was delighted to receive such a friendly note from a formidable neighbour. He then called Madiyugi and made him the chief minister.

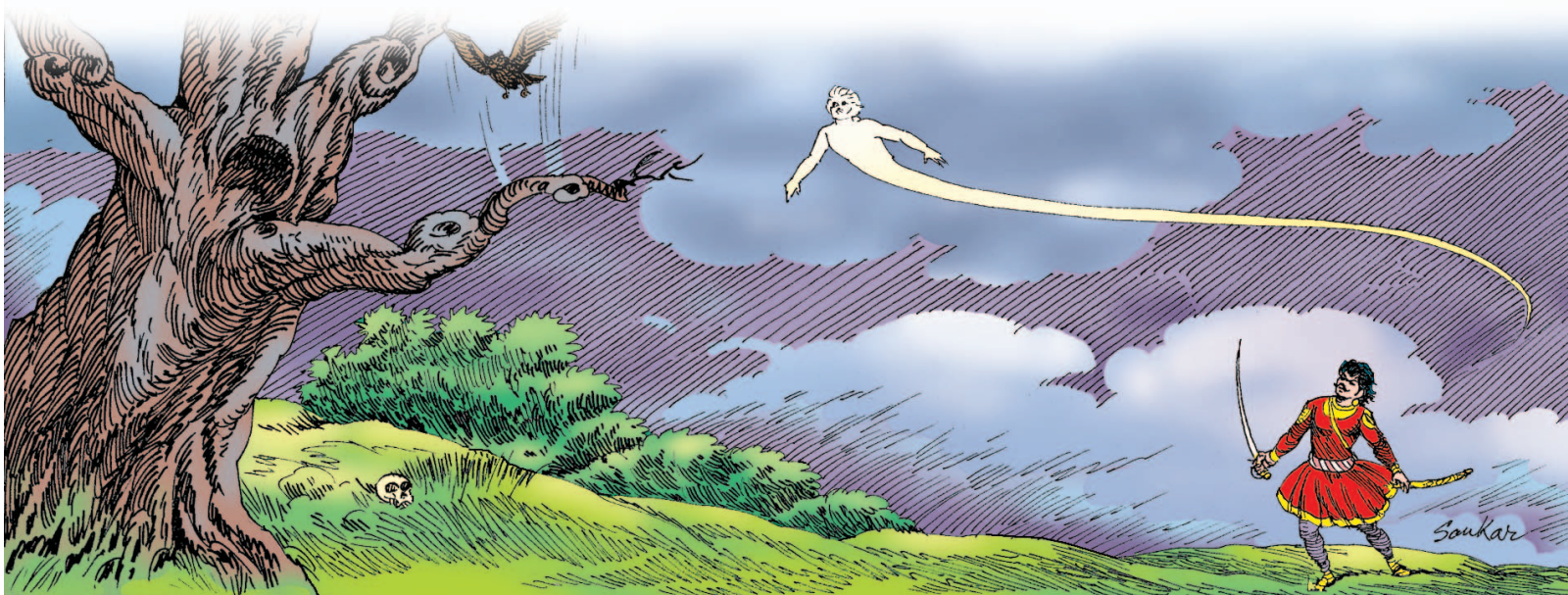
The Vetala completed the story and then demanded of King Vikram, "Don't you think King Parakrama was frivolous in sending a letter demanding intelligence and then backing out after seeing a mere earthen pot? If he had no idea of attacking Virpur, he need not have sent a letter like that in the first place. If you know the answer and yet prefer to keep mum, your head will be blown to pieces!"

King Vikram answered immediately. "King Parakrama was a clever man. He understood the message sent by King Virasen. He realised that King Virasen could give a fitting reply to his strange request. Madiyugi had planted a watermelon inside the pot and allowed it to grow in it. After a few days time, the watermelon had grown big enough to fill the pot. King



Parakrama understood that King Virasen also had very intelligent people around him. That's why he decided to abandon the line of confrontation and stretch out a hand of friendship."

As soon as King Vikram answered, the Vetala slipped down from the king's shoulder and glided back to his home on the tree along with the corpse. The King drew his sword and went after the Vetala once again.



A CHALLENGE FOR THE PRINCESS

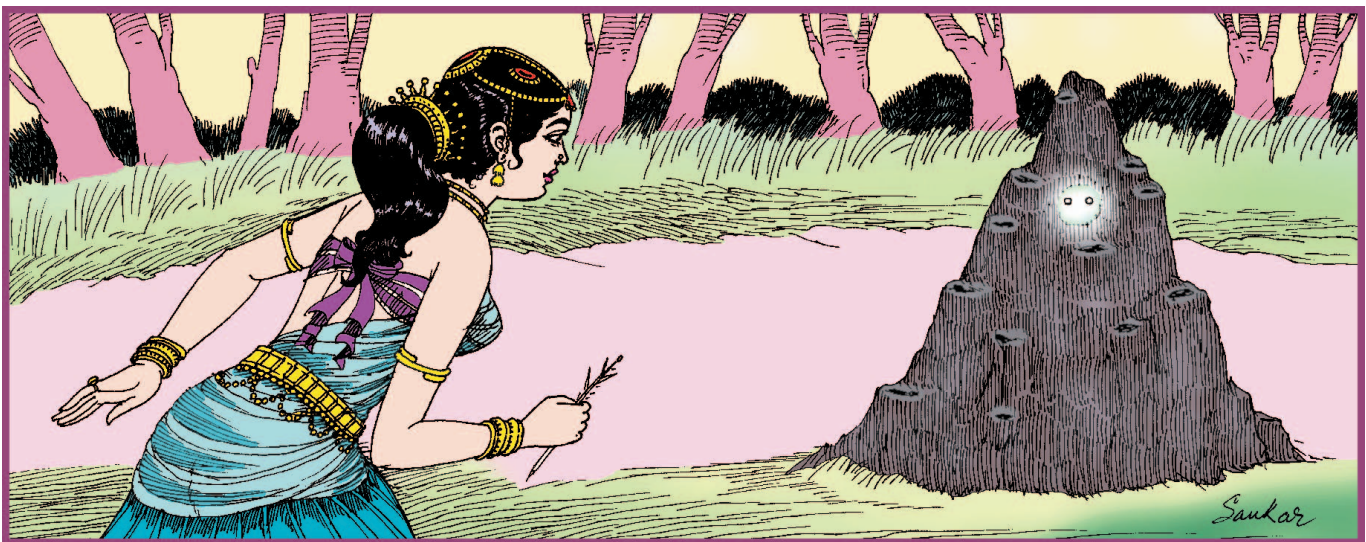
A quiet evening was descending on the lake surrounded by a forest. It was the season of spring. While King Saryati and his queen sat on the banks of the lake enjoying the sweet breeze and the fragrance from the flower-bearing trees, their beautiful young daughter, Sukanya, flitted about like a butterfly. She was in a joyous mood. It was not often that she got a chance to visit the forest for a change. She broke away from her maids and ran with the deer and the peacocks.

By and by the princess entered the interior of the forest, marvelling at the tall trees and some small waterfalls. "Where are you, O Princess?" She could hear her maids calling and searching for her. It was beginning

that a curse had befallen them. Whose curse could it be? Why was it thrown on them?

The king searched for the cause. Before long he came upon the anthill. He could hear some agonizing call coming from it. He understood that a sage was inside. Rather, the anthill had grown around the sage as he sat there lost in undisturbed meditation for a long time.

The king and his men carefully removed the earthen crust and the sage emerged. What the princess had unwittingly pierced were the eyes of the sage. He had just come out of his trance and opened his eyes when the princess made the blunder. Alas, it was the curse of the sage that had brought about the strange sickness



to get dark; time to be back with her parents. She turned to go towards the lake.

Suddenly something unusual caught her eyes as well as her fascination. They looked like a pair of jewels stuck into an anthill. What were they? The princess plucked a thorn from a plant and poked the two objects in order to see what they were.

The next moment she heard a cry. From where did it come? She did not know. She stood alone and was afraid. Then she ran towards the lake. The bodyguards in the royal party waiting on the other side of the lake were complaining of some strange sickness. They were unable to move. The king, who was a man of farsight, suspected

among the king's men. He was a renowned sage, Chyavana by name. The king and the queen prostrated before him and prayed for a release from his curse. The sage, who had become blind, told them that the curse would automatically lapse only when sufficient atonement had been done by whoever was guilty.

The king offered to lead the sage to his palace where he would be properly looked after. But the sage did not agree to it. The atonement must be done by the princess. She must live in the forest with the old sage whom she had blinded and serve him. He needed the loving care of a wife.

The king and the queen were in a fix. How could they

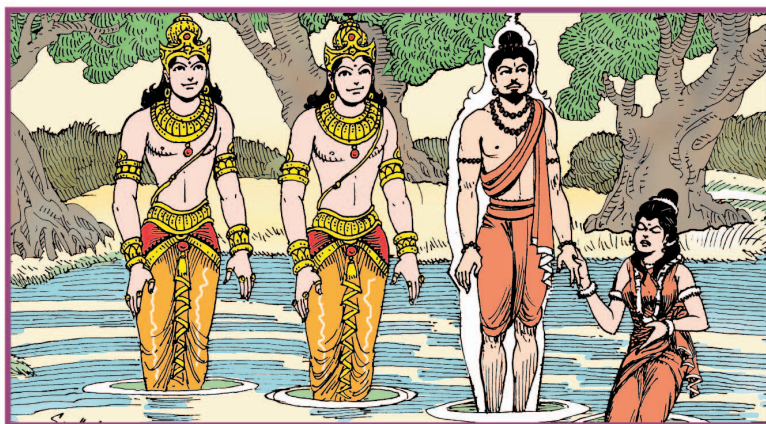
let their sweet daughter, who should normally be married to an eligible prince, become the wife of an old man though he was a great sage? But the princess stepped forward and offered to be his wife. “Father, I’ve always loved solitude. Also nurtured a secret wish to lead the life of a hermit. Providence has now created the necessary condition for me to fulfil my aspiration. Please allow me to wed the sage and serve him,” she said.

Meanwhile, the curse was affecting others as well. The king and the queen had no other choice than to agree to their daughter’s wish. Sukanya was married to the sage. She smilingly gave up the luxury amidst which she had lived in the palace where a dozen maids served her and were at her beck and call all the while. Now she lived alone with the sage and was never tired of serving him.

One day the princess had just come out of the lake after a bath when two godly looking beings met her. Both of them looked exactly alike. They greeted the princess and she returned their courtesy.

“O beautiful damsel, we feel so sad to see you wasting your life with an old man. We are twins and have the same name, Aswini Kumar. We’re the physicians of the gods. We are at your disposal. You can choose any one of us for your husband. You will be happy,” they said.

The princess was furious. She threatened to put them under a curse. The twins apologized for their audacity. “We shall transform your husband into a charming young



man through our secret alchemy. He will also get back his eyesight. All he must do is, take a dip in the lake along with us. But, after we come out of the water, there will be a test for you. Do you agree to this?”

However sincerely Sukanya might be serving her husband, the fact that she was responsible for the loss of his vision still pained her. She felt inclined to accept the proposal of the Aswini Kumars. But everything would depend on her husband. She reported the matter to sage Chyavana. Neither she nor the sage had any idea what kind of test she would have to face. However, the sage permitted her to take the risk.

The godly twins and the sage entered the lake. “Once we emerge, you must lead your husband holding him by the hand,” the twins told the princess.

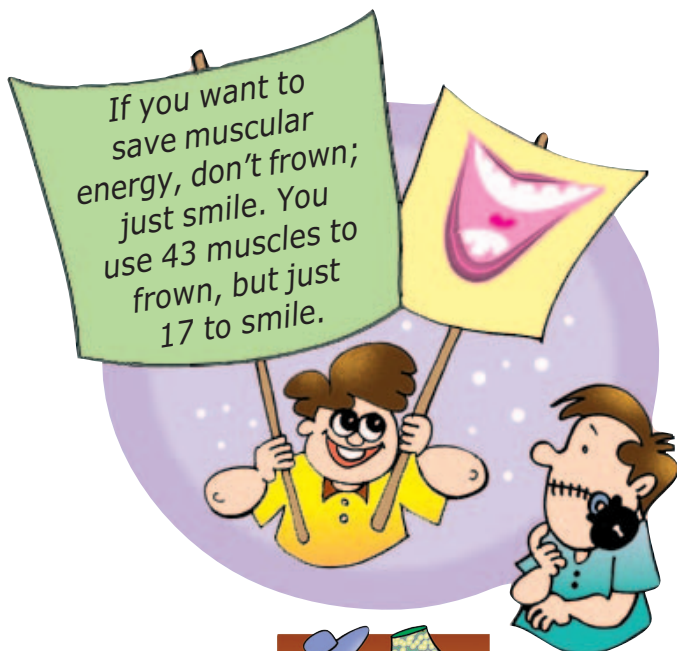
Then the three had a dip together. When they came out of the water, all three of them looked absolutely alike. It was impossible for any human being to know who among them was the sage.

But Princess Sukanya was no ordinary person. She understood the trick the twins were playing on her. She closed her eyes, invoked the blessings of the Divine Mother, and touched one of the three. Indeed, he was her husband, Chyavana.

Sukanya and the sage lived happily for long, devoting their time for spiritual pursuits.

- Vindusar





Laugh till you drop!

The teacher is teaching mathematics to Class One students. "Children, what comes before six?" she asks.

Says little Bunty, "The newspaper!"



★ ★ ★

The people of Gabrovo, a town in Bulgaria, are known for their miserliness. One day, a Gabrovonian got off a train and went up to a taxi driver. "How much will you charge to take me to the city centre?" he asked.

"Just two coins, sir. Please get in!" replied the driver.

"No, thanks. I only wanted to find out how much I will be saving!"



The millionaire scolded his lazy sonny, "Don't waste time: time is money!" "I know it, father But I know this further; When there's money, there's good times!" drawled the sonny.

- By Devapriyo

Dushtu Dattu



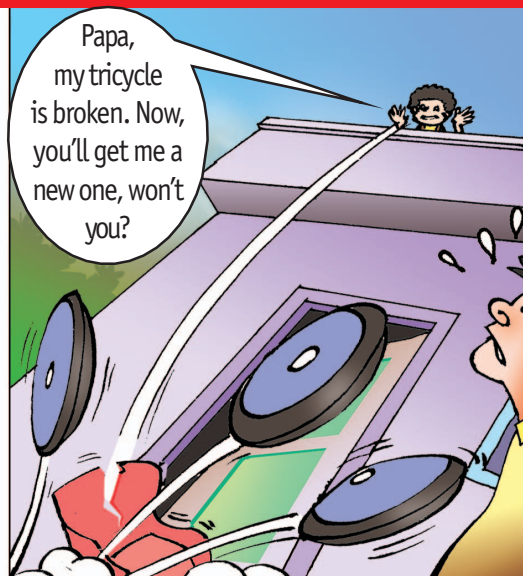
Dattu wants a new tricycle. He is bored of his old one.



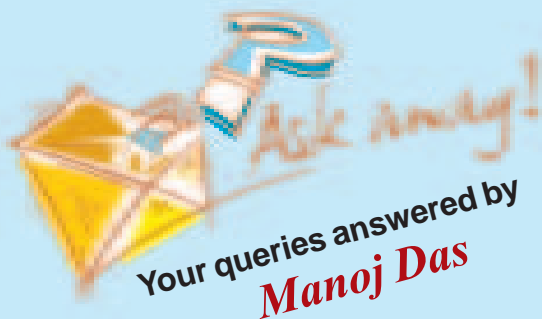
But when he asks his father...

No, Dattu, you can't get a new tricycle until this one is broken.

Now I know how to get a brand new cycle!



Papa, my tricycle is broken. Now, you'll get me a new one, won't you?



Send your questions to :

Ask Away, Chandamama India Ltd.

No.82 Defence Officers Colony

Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097 or

e-mail to askaway@chandamama.org.



I have read some wonderful anecdotes about Mulla Nasruddin. Did such a person really exist? To which country did he belong?

- Sriram Chandan, Kolkata



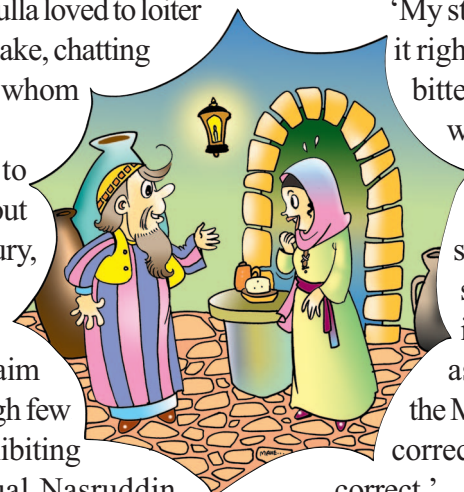
In a square in Bukhara, Uzbekistan, in Central Asia, stands the statue of Nasruddin, bald and bearded, astride a donkey. The man sometimes appeared like a fool, sometimes like a jester, and sometimes like a sage. The Uzbeks claim that the Mulla loved to loiter in this area, under the trees on the lake, chatting with friends and passers-by, with whom he easily made friends.

Uzbekistan is not the only land to claim him. The earliest legend about him can be traced to the 13th century, if not to an older date. Idries Shah, a well known researcher on the Mulla, says: "Many countries claim Mulla Nasruddin as a native, though few have gone so far as Turkey in exhibiting his grave and holding an annual Nasruddin Festival. . . The Greeks, who adopted few things from the Turks, regard the Nasruddin quips as a part of their own folklore. In the Middle Ages, Nasruddin tales were widely used to deride odious authority. In more recent times, the Mulla became a people's hero of the Soviet Union. . . Nasruddin shades off into the Arab figure of Joha, and reappears in the folklore of Sicily." (*The Exploits of the Imcomparable Mulla Nasruddin*; Jonathan Cape, 1966)

India's own Raja Birbal was witty; but the tales attributed to him are simply tales. The same can be said of Tenali Rama, to a great extent. We need to weave a joke or an anecdote around a character, and if the character is well known (be it historical or fictitious), the story assumes a sort of authenticity. Several such stories originate from the wisdom of the

common people – from some unknown wise man among the common people. Often the stories hide a sharp comment on mice and men, that is to say, on human nature. For example, how often our values and arguments change according to our desires and interest, is the theme of this story: Once at a friend's house, the Mulla saw some stuff which he mistook to be butter and he asked his hostess for a lump of it.

'My stomach is not in order. Butter alone can set it right,' he said. 'Sorry, this is not butter, but a bitter medicinal froth to be mixed with warm water for bath,' informed the lady. 'Thank God it is not butter. Had it been butter, I would have eaten up some of it and suffered, for butter is very harmful for the stomach!' 'Which one of your statements is correct, Sir? The first or the second one?' asked the lady. 'Had it been butter,' said the Mulla, 'my first statement would have been correct. Since it is not, my second statement is correct.'



In answering a quiz, I submitted that India had 25 States and seven Union Territories. I based my answer on a general knowledge book published only in 1999. But I was rated wrong. I understand that some new States have been created. Which are they? But how can my answer regarding the Union Territories be wrong?

- Vipula, Parlakhemidi



The new States created in 2001 are Jharkhand, Chhattisgarh, and Uttaranchal. The print and electronic media had carried extensive reports on their formation. So far as the Union Territories are concerned, Delhi has a special status and it is called the National Capital Region (NCR). Hence the number of other Union Territories can be said to be six. But I would not say that you were wrong in this regard.



Kerala is often referred to as 'God's own country' for its breathtaking natural beauty – the expansive backwaters, blue lagoons, and palm-fringed beaches.

Kerala derives its name from the Malayalam word 'kera' meaning coconut. Kerala is one of the smallest States of India. Its area is just 38,855 sq km - roughly around 1 per cent of the total land area of India. The population of the State is 31,838,619.

The State of Kerala was formed in 1956, when three distinct areas, namely Travancore and Cochin, both princely states, and Malabar, which was part of the Madras Presidency, were merged to form Kerala. The State stretches for 483 km, a narrow strip of land between the Arabian Sea and the Western Ghats. It is bounded by Karnataka in the north, Tamil Nadu in the east and the Arabian Sea in the west. Kerala has the distinction of being the only State in India to have achieved 100 per cent literacy many years ago.

A popular legend says that Parasurama, an avatar of Lord Vishnu, after killing 21 Kshatriya kings, prayed to the gods for a secluded place to do penance. The gods told him to choose a spot. So Parasurama stood on the Gokarna mountain and threw his axe across the sea. The water receded and land surfaced. It is believed that this land is what we now know as Kerala.

A situation saved, but...

He was popularly known as “Kayamkulam Kochunni”, because he hailed from that village in Travancore, once a princely state, now part of Kerala, and there were few comparable to him in chivalry and kindness either in Kayamkulam itself or in any of the surrounding villages.

Born of poor parents some two centuries ago, Kochunni was a devout Muslim. He would not miss going to the local *palli* for *niskaram* all five times a day. Sometimes, he would not wait to hear the *banguvili* from the *palli*, but kneel wherever he was, spread his *thorth* on the ground, sit on it facing the west and offer prayers.

Perhaps because he had experienced abject poverty in his younger days, he developed an aversion to misers, moneylenders, and landlords. By a quirk of fate, it was a rich merchant who employed him in his shop at the behest of



a kind-hearted gentleman whom Kochunni had approached for a job. At the *kada*, he worked hard, and his master was very pleased. He taught Kochunni how to be courteous to the customers and honest in all transactions.

Every morning Kochunni picked up the keys from the merchant's house to go and open the shop and wait for the master. In the evening, after the merchant had gone home, Kochunni would sweep the shop clean, close the shutters, lock up, and leave the keys with the merchant. By then, his wife would have prepared a meal which he took home to share with his widowed mother.

One evening, when Kochunni had handed the keys and was about to leave for home, one of the regular customers came in a tearing hurry to meet the merchant. "Have you closed the shop, *muthalali*?" He appeared quite impatient.

"Yes," said the merchant. "Why? You want something?"

"I want some *sharkara* badly, *muthalali*," said the man, trying to catch his breath. "You see, it's my little son's birthday tomorrow, and I've to arrange for *naivedyam* at the temple in the morning. When I went home, my wife told me there was not a grain of *sharkara* to be handed to the pujari for making *payasam*. I can't get it anywhere else at this hour. Would you oblige me, please?"

"Hm. Let me see," said the merchant. Kochunni had by now almost reached the gate. "Kochunni! Kochunni! Come here! He's our regular customer. Take him with you to the shop. He needs some *sharkara* very badly."



"I shall go right now, *eman*," said Kochunni. "*Angunne*, please come with me," he added turning to the customer.

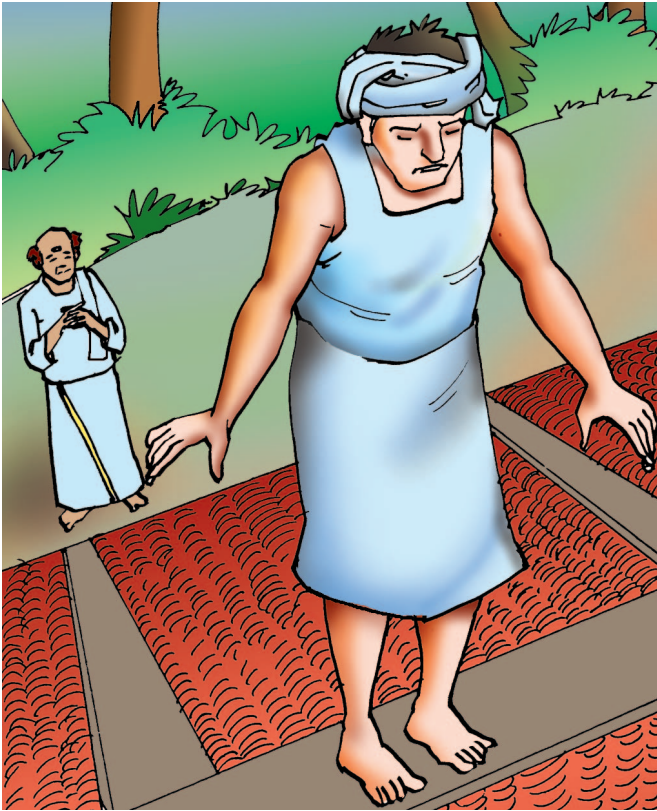
Without wasting any time, both Kochunni and the gentleman hurried out. It was when they actually got to the shop, situated some distance from the merchant's house, that Kochunni realised he had not brought the keys with him. He had left them with his master's wife as she handed the meal to him. He had kept the *kettu* on the verandah thinking he would collect it on his way back.

Folk dances

Kerala has a rich heritage of folk dances. Most of these art forms have been developed over the centuries. *Koothu*, a mono-act, is the most famous. In this the artist, known as the *Chakyar*, enacts the role of all the characters. Generally *Koothu* is performed in a specially erected hall called *Koothambalam*.

Koodiyattam is the earliest drama form in Kerala. And *Kathakali* is the most popular dance drama form of Kerala. The elaborate and majestic costumes, make up and grand headgear are the characteristic features of *Kathakali*. The themes are mostly based on the Puranas and mythology. The other dance forms prevalent in Kerala are *Mohiniyattam*, *Thullal*, *Theyyam* (see picture) and *Kaikottikali*, among others.





“Please pardon me, sir,” said Kochunni apologetically, “but I seem to have forgotten to bring the *thakkol* with me! I’m so sorry!” “Without the *thakkol*, how do you propose to open the shop? You’re a *koshava*, I tell you!” remarked the customer, putting out a long face. “And you know I want the *sharkara* very badly?”

“*Angunne*, if I disappoint you, I’ll be in for trouble,” said Kochunni. “*Muthalali* will drown me in a shower

of *shakaram*. Give me a few moments, let me think of a way out.”

Kochunni took a good look at the shop. He remembered a feat he had learnt at the *kalari*. He suddenly leapt on to the low tiled roof over the row of shops. While the customer waited outside, Kochunni dropped down into the backyard, and managed to open the back door with a little push here and a pull there. Once inside, he packed two blocks of jaggery and came back the way he had gone in.

The customer was happy. “I didn’t know you can be so resourceful,” he said. “And don’t forget to thank your *muthalali* from me,” he added as he handed some coins to Kochunni. He went his way.

Kochunni was happy that he did not disappoint the customer. Of course, his master, too, would be equally happy. He would not lose a customer.

Kochunni found his master impatiently waiting for him. “*Pahaya*, you went away without the *thakkol*! And where’s the gentleman?”

“He went his way with the *sharkara*,” said Kochunni, trying to put out a smile. “I gave him two blocks, and he paid for it. Here’s the money, *muthalali*!” Kochunni handed the coins to his master.

He did not appear to be pleased. “But how did you open the shop, without the keys?” he enquired.

“I did not open the shop, *muthalali*,” said Kochunni, and he went on to explain how he managed to gain entry.



The people of Kerala are known for their artistic ability. The artisan communities of Kerala trace their lineage to Viswakarma, the architect of the gods. Here carving on wood is more popular than on stone or metal, as is evident in the old temples and palaces. Cane work and ivory carving are also important crafts of this State. Carving on coconut shell is a speciality of Kerala.

Kerala is also known for its bell-metal work and lamp making. A popular traditional craft is the making of metal mirrors. The craft is estimated to be 400 years old. The mirrors are made out of an alloy of copper and are mostly oval in shape. The *Aranmula* (place name) *Valkannadi* (mirror with handle) is considered a prized possession. Furnishings made out of coir are very popular in Kerala.



Chandamama



“You seem to have some *thalachor*, Kochunni!” remarked the merchant. “All right, you may go home now.” Kochunni picked up the *kettu* he had left on the verandah and went home.

The next morning, when he went to pick up the keys, he found that the master had already left for the shop. And he hurried there. The merchant appeared agitated. “Kochunni, I thought over what happened last night.

Glossary

palli - mosque.

niskaram - offer of prayers.

banguvili - call for prayers.

thorth - towel, used as a shawl as well as turban.

kada - (grocery) shop.

muthalali - shop owner/master.

sharkara - jaggery.

naivedyam - offering (cooked item) to deity

payasam - sweet dish.

eman - master (short form of yejamanan)

Angunne - sir.

kettu - cloth bundle.

thakkol - keys.

koshava - fool/knave.

shakaram - abuse/scolding.

kalari - gymnasium.

pahaya - rascal.

thalachor - brain/intelligence.

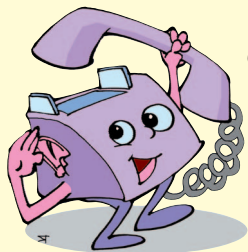
cooly - wages.

Don't mistake me, but I've decided to dispense with your services. Who knows you won't repeat what you did yesterday when you're in dire straits? I've lost confidence in you. Here's your *cooly*. Take it, and find a job somewhere else!”

Kochunni was dumbstruck. His master had changed his opinion of him overnight despite the faithful service he had rendered. He picked up the money on the table and went away without uttering a word. This incident only made him despise the rich and the wealthy.

Soon Kochunni became a local Robin Hood, robbing the rich to help the poor and the needy. His kind deeds and brave acts ensured that his name would live in Kayamkulam and its neighbourhood long after Kochunni passed away.

Try this, do that!

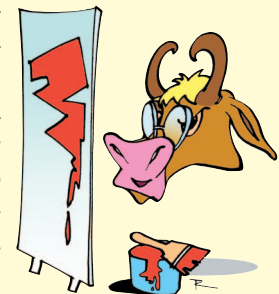


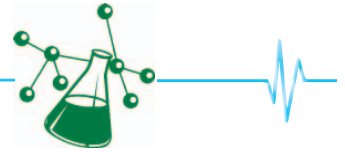
You might begin to draw an ant. But it might turn out to be an elephant. Haven't you had such experiences in your life? Well, you'll be delighted to know that others have done similar things. Alexander Graham Bell set out to invent a hearing aid. And ended up inventing the telephone!

Chew This

Do bulls see red?

Who said bulls get furious when they see a red cloth waved in front of them? That's a myth, if ever there was one. Scientists have proved that although cattle have acute vision, they cannot distinguish the colour red. Care to check that fact out with the next bull you meet?

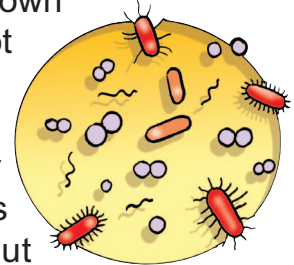




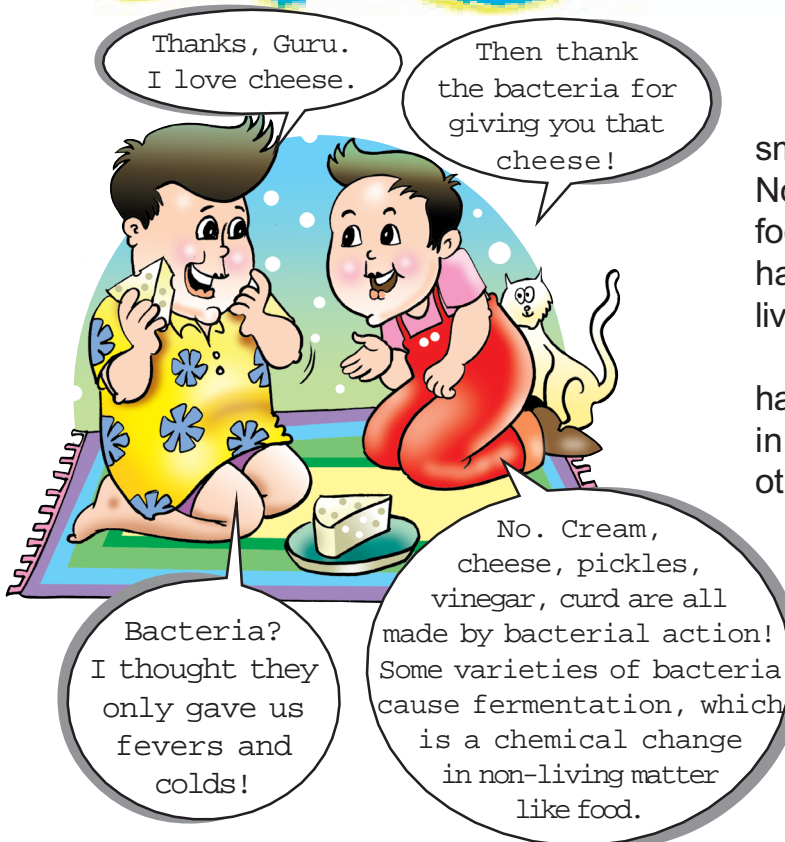
BACTERIA

Bacteria are single-celled plants, and the smallest form of life. Most of them cannot move. Nor can they make their own food, because they do not have chlorophyll. Bacteria live on living or dead things.

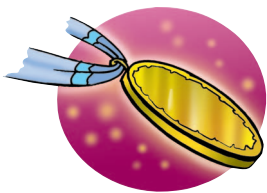
Some bacteria are very harmful and cause diseases in plants and animals. But others rid the earth of dead things.



Scientists have recently discovered some bacteria fossils dating back to the Precambrian age, which proves that these existed even some three billion years ago. Anton Van Leeuwenhoek was the first to make a lens strong enough to observe bacteria.



BRONZE



Any alloy of copper is called bronze. Earlier, the name bronze was used only for the alloy made of copper and tin.

Later, several metals came to be used to make different kinds of bronzes. These were used for varied purposes like making cannon, weapons, electrical switchgear, nuts, bolts, heavy duty bearings, propellers for ships, aircraft landing gears, and even ornaments.

The tin for making bronze was first found near ancient Turkey. And the early civilizations like the Roman brought it from as far away as Britain and Spain.

Look at this bronze medal I won in a paratha eating contest yesterday. Doesn't it look cool?

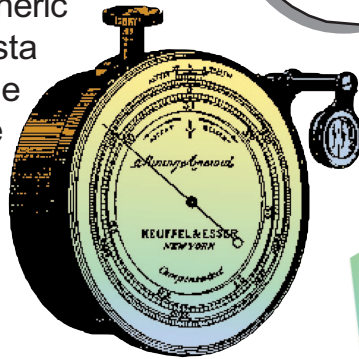
Hey Gajju, how could you let two others beat you at your favourite game? Did you know that man first discovered bronze around 3500 BC? Early men used bronze for making ornaments and domestic utensils.



BAROMETER

Barometer is an instrument used to record the air pressure around the earth. It helps us forecast the weather. When the air pressure varies, atmospheric changes follow. Evangelista Torricelli of Italy devised the first barometer in 1643. He used a glass tube and mercury to show air pressure. The same principle is followed even today for accurate reading.

The Aneroid Barometer is a dry barometer. It functions by using an airtight metal box that responds to changes in air pressure.



Doesn't a pilot use a barometer to find out at what height the plane is flying?

You need an altimeter for that, Gajju. But you're right in a way. The altimeter in the aeroplane is a sensitive aneroid barometer that gauges height.



Make your own barometer

*Would you like to forecast the day's weather sitting right in your living room?
Just follow the instructions given below.*

Things you need:

A glass measuring cup (or you can take a glass tumbler and mark the readings), water, blue ink (dye), glass bottle and marker.

Fill the glass with water. Add some blue ink. (You may add turmeric powder instead.) Place the empty bottle upside down inside the tumbler; ensure that it fits snugly into the tumbler but does not touch its bottom. Check that the water extends into the neck of the bottle.

Now mark the level of water inside the bottle on the tumbler.



Leave it aside for a few days. Then observe it. Do you notice a change in the level of water?

Since the bottle's neck has been plugged with water, the air pressure inside is constant. The pressure on the surface of the water depends on the current air pressure. When the atmospheric pressure increases, it acts on the water and it is forced into the bottle.

Here's a clue to weather forecasting: if the level of water in the bottle has increased, it means the weather is going to be dry. If it has decreased, it is time to pull out your umbrellas!



Dear eco friends,

We received many letters from our young readers who've loved Vasudha, the supplement on biodiversity that we published in June. One such friend from Chennai, R. Lalitha, wrote that she and her friends would like to do something but "are unaware of what to do to save nature." She and her friends want to form a small but active Nature Club.

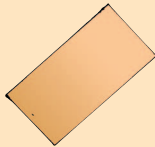
Many of you might feel like her. Many might find their lively hands itching to do something. Well, that's what this Vasudha page is all about. Every month, this page in Chandamama will tell you what you can do to be eco-friendly and what you simply must not do. We'd also love to publish any eco-friendly event or environment action happening in your homes, schools and colonies. In this inaugural page, we teach you to make envelopes out of used envelopes, and a sure fire natural way to keep away the mosquitoes! Happy reading and doing, pals!

Love

Kopra Kutty

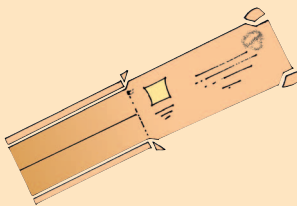
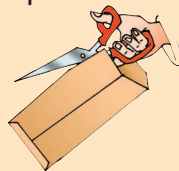
A handy craft

Don't buy new envelopes to send your letters. You can reuse the ones that had come to you. However, the first and most important step is to open all envelopes neatly and carefully. Only then can they be recycled.



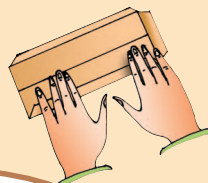
Pick up a used envelope and turn it back.

Slit at the sides and turn it inside out.



Cut off at the corners and sides as shown in the picture. One portion of the envelope will be broader than the other portion.

Glue the side flaps of the broader portion to the narrower portion of the envelope.



Voila! A brand new envelope is now ready for use.

Or you may steam open the glued ends of a used envelope, turn it inside out, and stick it back again.



Are you whacking all over your body to squash those tiny devils? Here's an eco- and pocket-friendly way to get rid of mosquitoes.

Buy neem or citronella oil. Pour the oil into an earthen lamp. Place a cotton wick in the lamp and light it. Leave the burning lamp in your bedroom. Shut the doors and windows for an hour or two.

Citronella oil smells sweet, but neem oil gives out a bitter odour. All the same, the mosquitoes flee the place when either of them is burnt.



Think Link

Make a list of articles made of plastics that you use every day. Beside each, scribble the name of a possible natural substitute. If you draw a blank somewhere, don't worry. Check out with your parents, grandparents or others what they did before those articles were invented. They might come up with just that perfect solution. And do send us your list. We'd love to share it with our readers on this page, the month after next.



JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA



THE TRIP THAT NEVER WAS!

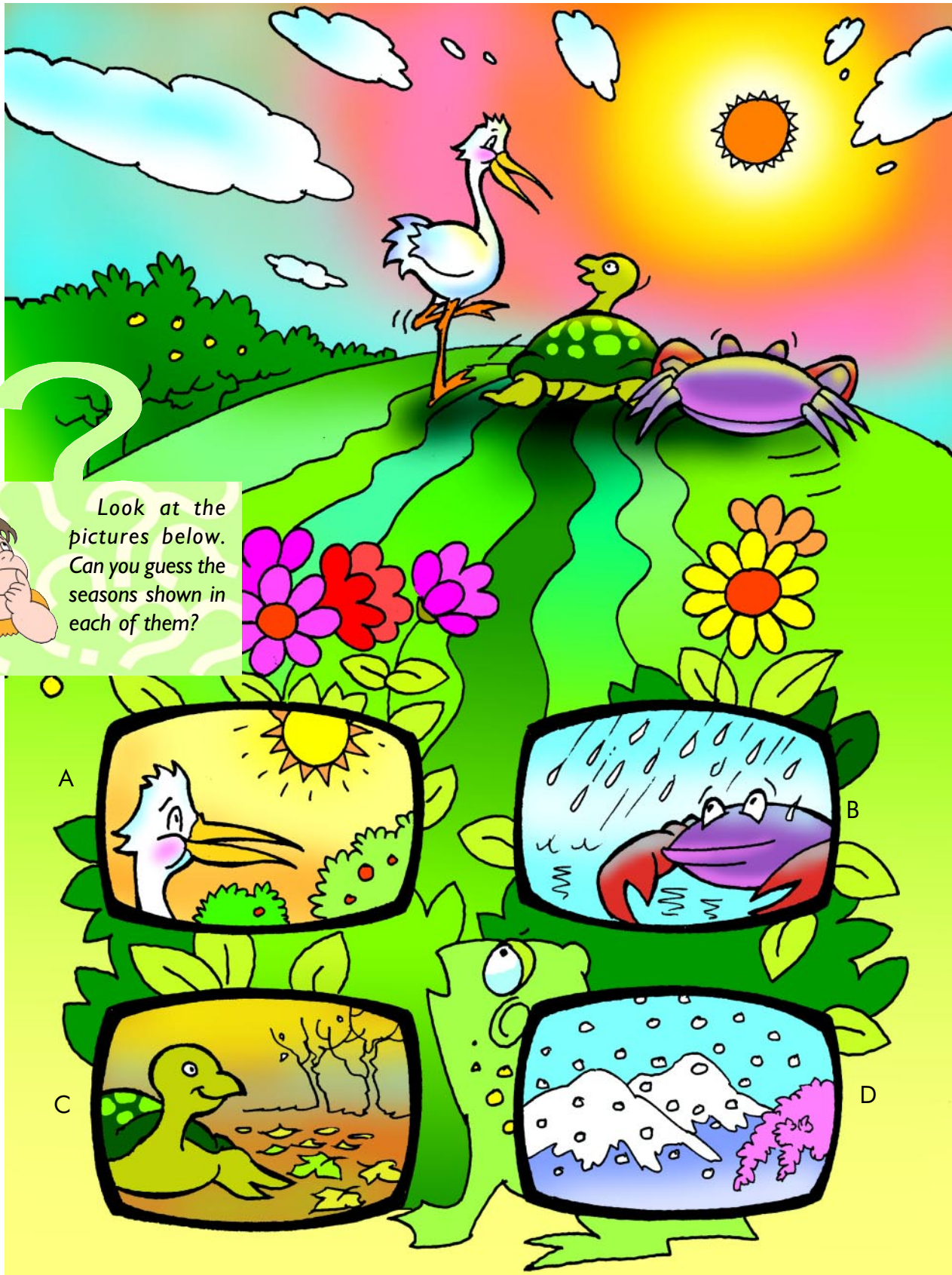
Once there lived three friends. They were Kokka, a white crane, Kachy, a tortoise, and Kataka, a crab. They lived on the banks of a pond. Every evening, they would play near the pond and have fun.



Who do you think lived inside the pond? Join the three sets of dots to find out. Can you name them?



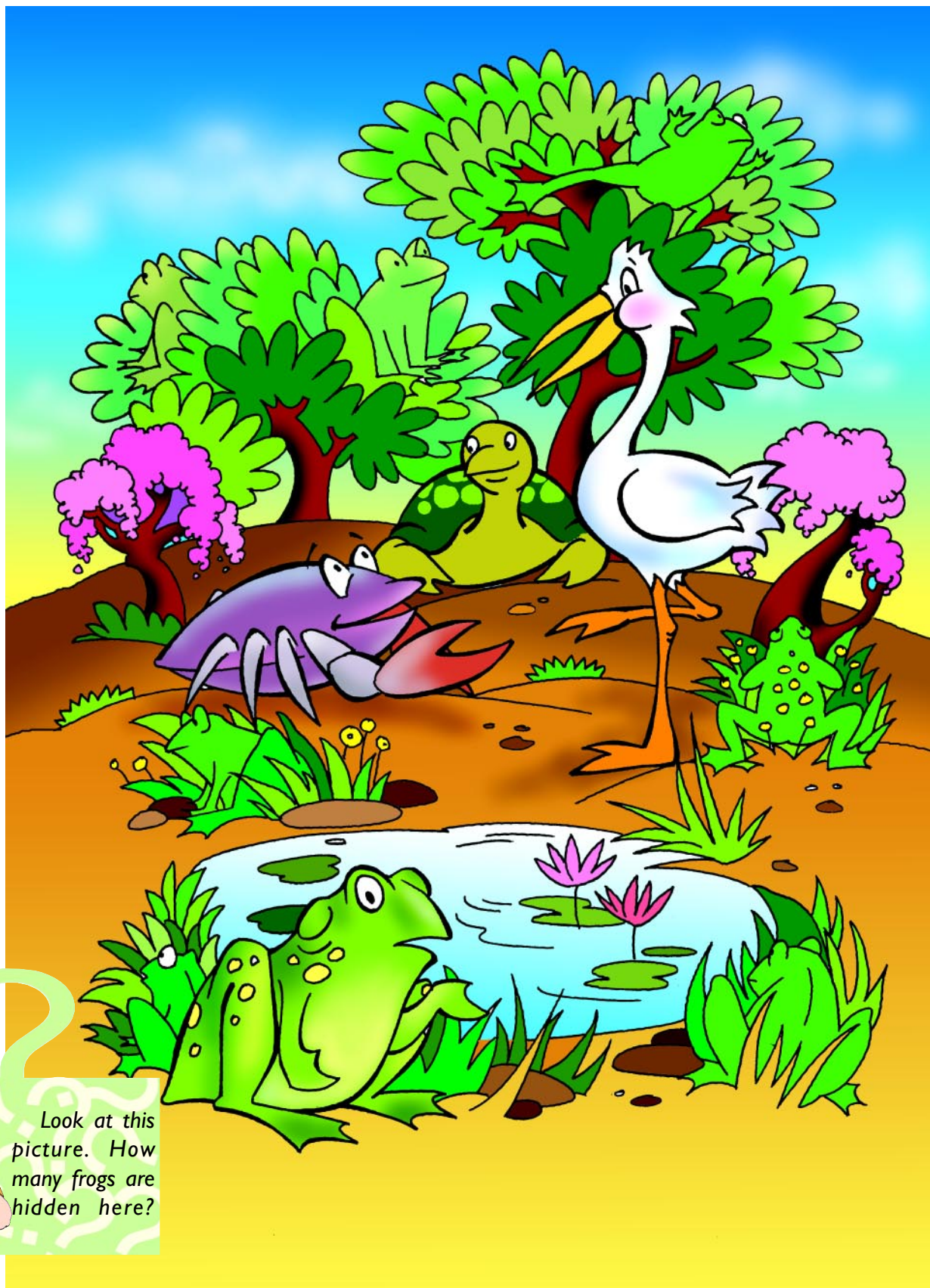
One evening, the three friends were having a chat. "Summer is over," said Kokka. "It will be autumn soon, and then winter. I must get ready to fly to the south again." Kachy asked her, "Where do you go, Kokka?" Kokka said, "I go to a warm land in the south, where there is no winter."



"Kokka, please, may I go with you this time?" asked Kachy. "I too don't like the winter. It gets so cold that I can't even breathe under the water." "Sure, you may!" said Kokka. "But you must get ready by the end of autumn." Kokka was a kind crane. She didn't want to disappoint her friend.



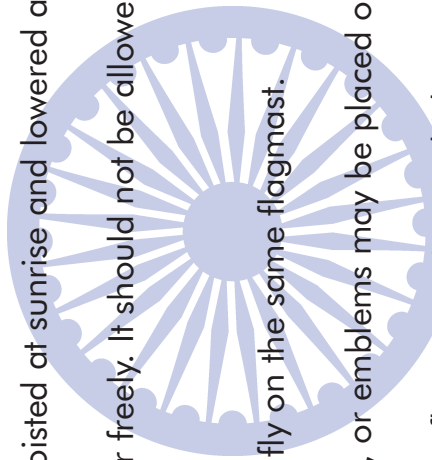
"Hey! Don't leave me out!" said Kataka. "Let me, too, join you!" "Why not, Kataka?" said Kokka. "You're welcome." A group of frogs were swimming in the pond just then. They heard the three friends. Their leader laughed and said, "How can a tortoise and a crab fly with a crane?"



USE OF THE NATIONAL FLAG

Some Do's and Dont's

1. The flag may be hoisted on any day of the year.
2. The flag should be hoisted at sunrise and lowered at sunset.
3. The flag should flutter freely. It should not be allowed to touch the ground or trail in water.
4. No other flag should fly on the same flagmast.
5. No flowers, garlands, or emblems may be placed on the flagmast.
6. The flag should not be flown on private vehicles even on special occasions.
7. The flag should not be used or displayed as a curtain, tablecloth, or bunting, or printed on apparels or uniforms.
8. A flag, torn or faded, should not be used/displayed.

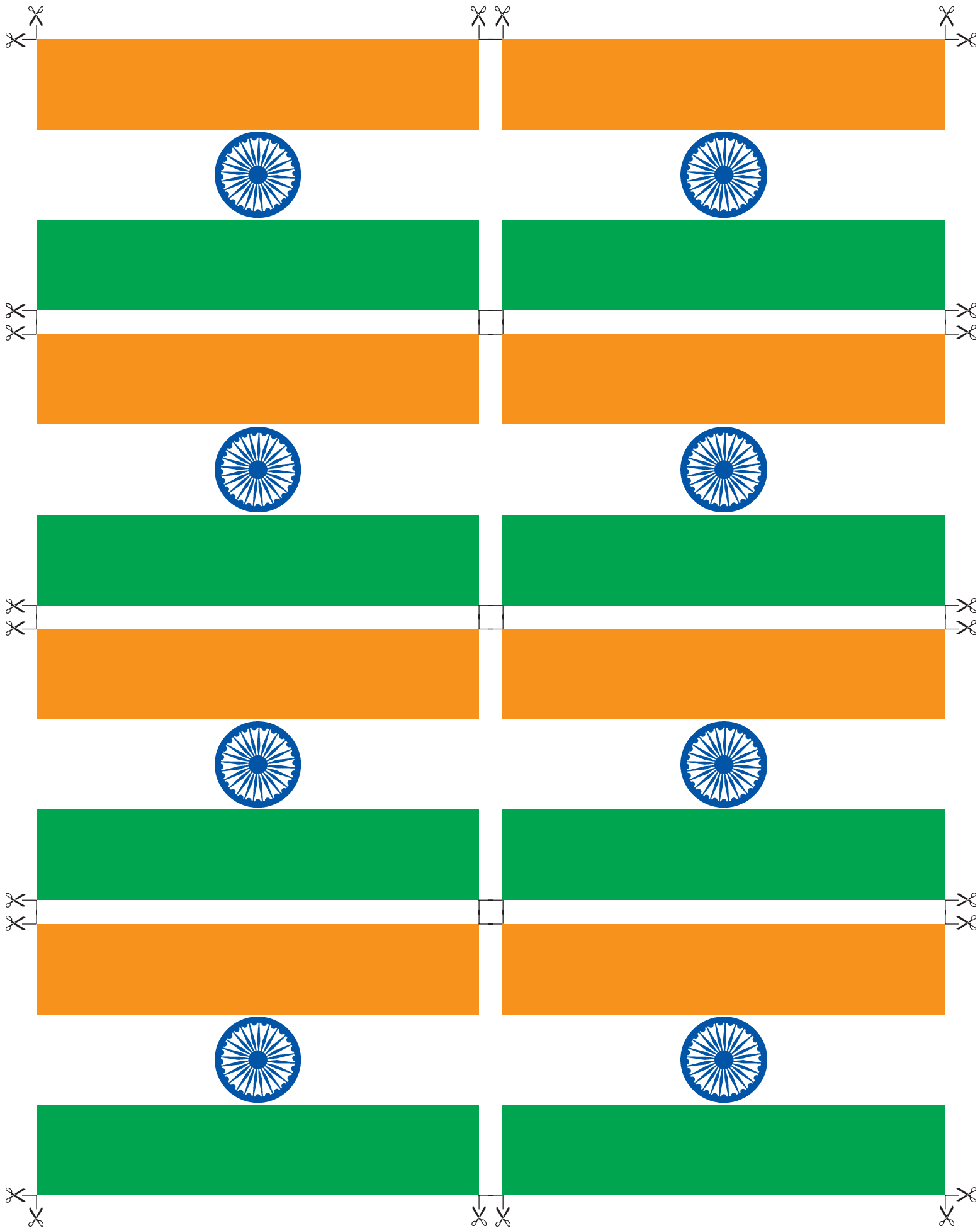




August 2002

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Chandamama



"Under this flag, there is no difference
between a prince and a peasant,
between the rich and poor, between
men and women."

- Sarojini Naidu

"Freedom of India will demonstrate
to all the exploited races of the earth
that their freedom is very near."

- Mahatma Gandhi

"Swaraj is my birthright
and I shall have it."

- Lokmanya Balgangadhar Tilak

"Mother India is not a piece of earth;
she is a power, a Godhead."

- Sri Aurobindo

"India is not the earth, rivers,
and mountains of this land, neither is it a
collective name for the inhabitants of this
country. India is a living being,
a goddess."

- The Mother

"It is our duty to pay for our liberty with
our own blood. The freedom that we
shall win through our sacrifice and exer-
tions, we shall be able to preserve with
our own strength."

- Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose

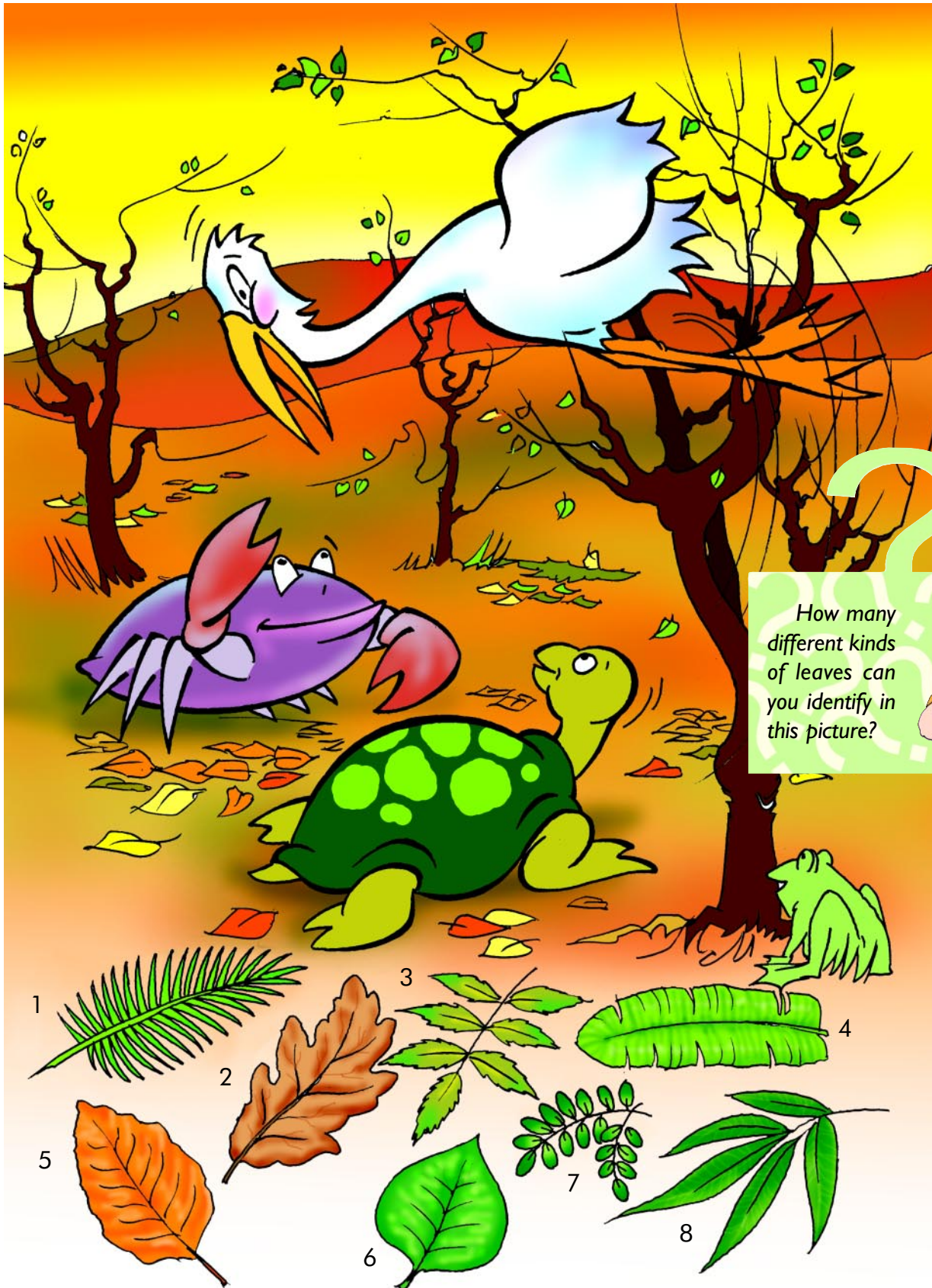
"At the stroke of midnight hour,
when the world sleeps, India will awake
to life and freedom."

- Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru

"We must defend our independence
with the last drop of our blood."

- Dr. B.R. Ambedkar

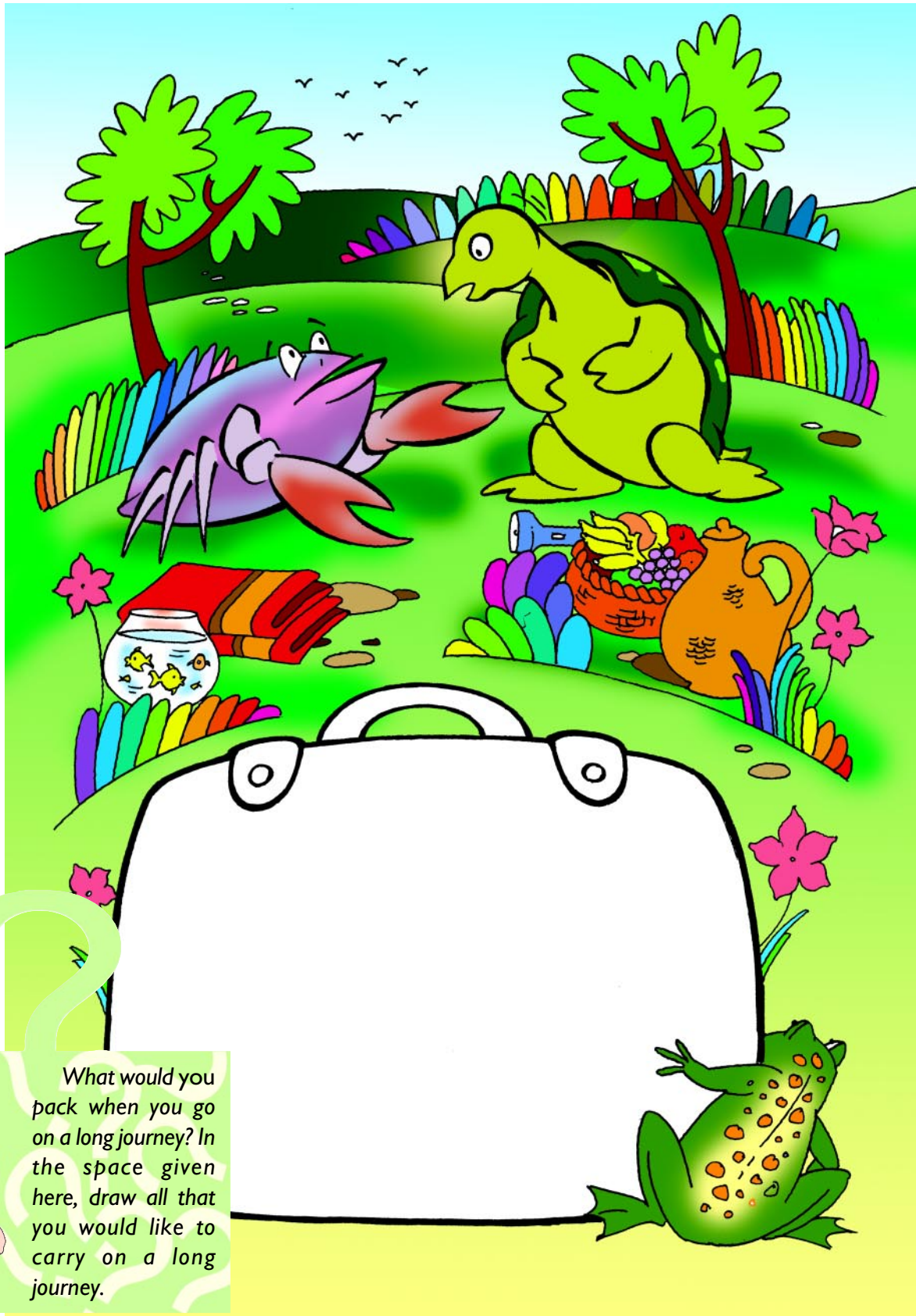
Soon it was autumn. On the trees, the leaves turned red, then brown, and then they fell off. The wind grew cold. The days became shorter. One evening, Kokka said, "It is time for us to leave. Let's meet here after two days with our bags." He flew away to pack his bags for the long journey.



How many different kinds of leaves can you identify in this picture?



After Kokka left, Kachy and Kataka began planning what they would pack for the journey. "This is a long journey, Kachy. Let's carry a lot of food," said Kataka. "Good idea, Kataka," said Kachy. "But how will we carry so much - food, water, clothes...?" They thought and thought. At last they decided to take it all in a cart!



What would you pack when you go on a long journey? In the space given here, draw all that you would like to carry on a long journey.



So Kachy and Kataka brought a cart to the bank of the river near the pond. They filled it with everything they wanted to carry. They made three ropes of grass and waited for Kokka. Two days later Kokka came there with her bags. Kachy and Kataka showed her the cart. "Will you help us pull the cart?" they asked her. Kokka agreed.




Kokka tied one rope to her legs, Kachy took the second in her strong jaws, and Kataka tied the third to his leg. Ready...steady ...go! They pulled. But alas! They forgot that they all moved differently. Kokka could fly, while Kachy could only crawl on the ground, and Kataka moved only sideways!


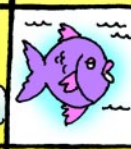


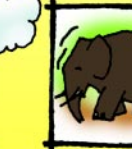
So when they pulled, the ropes snapped and the cart broke into pieces. Kachy and Kataka could not join Kokka that winter, after all!

The frogs in the pond saw this and how they croaked with laughter!





Here are some animals and a list of the different ways in which they move. All you have to do is to match them.

				
A	B	C	D	E
CRAWL	HOP	WALK	SWIM	FLY
1	2	3	4	5

Page-1 : A fish, a duck and a frog	Page-2 : A. Summer B. Monsoon C. Autumn D. Winter
Page-4 : 8	Page-5 : 1. Palm 2. Oak 3. Neem 4. Banana
Page-8 : A-5, B-4, C-1, D-2, E-3	5. Teak 6. Peepal 7. Tamarind 8. Mango

ANSWERS

Chandamama presents

Garuda the Invincible

19

Art : PAANI

Commander Narendradeva heeds the warning of Tantrik Nagabandhu and remains in the cave temple complex. The Oracle leaves for the camp of Ravindradeva on the banks of river Chandini. He advises the Crown Prince to abandon his search for Aditya and join his father at the cave temple for his own safety. Back in Chandrapuri, Aditya and his men take over control of the palace.

Aditya enters the fort with his men.

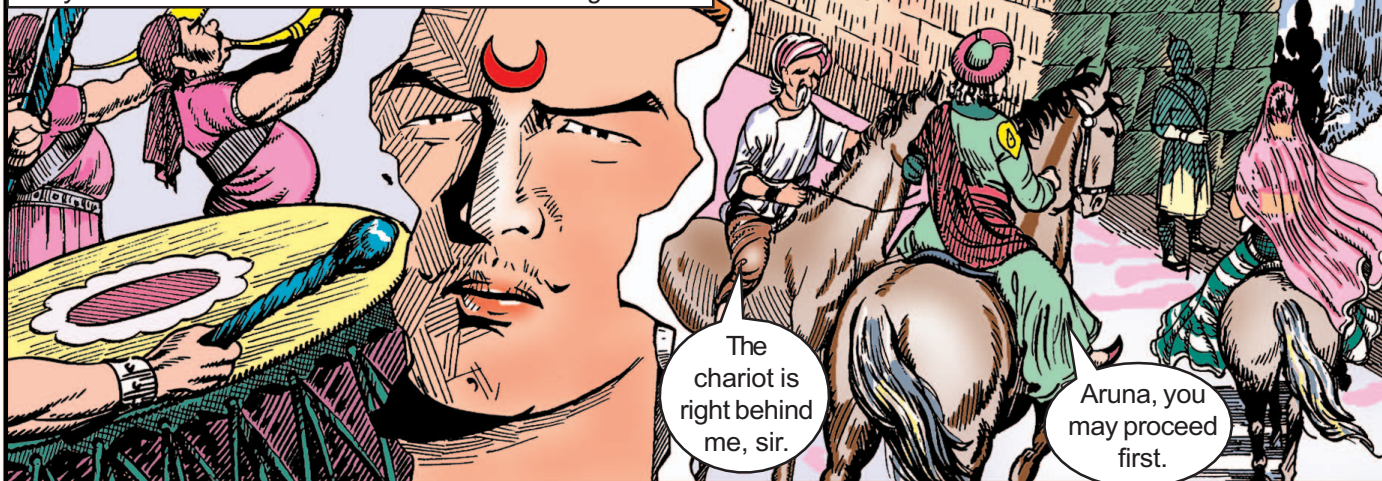
Your first job is to release the loyal palace guards imprisoned by Ravindradeva. Let them resume duty immediately.

Aditya goes to his chambers in the palace. He sits in meditation in front of the idol of Garuda, when he...

... gets visions of the mountain cave of Tantrik Nagabandhu who is performing certain rites in the presence of Narendradeva and Ravindradeva.

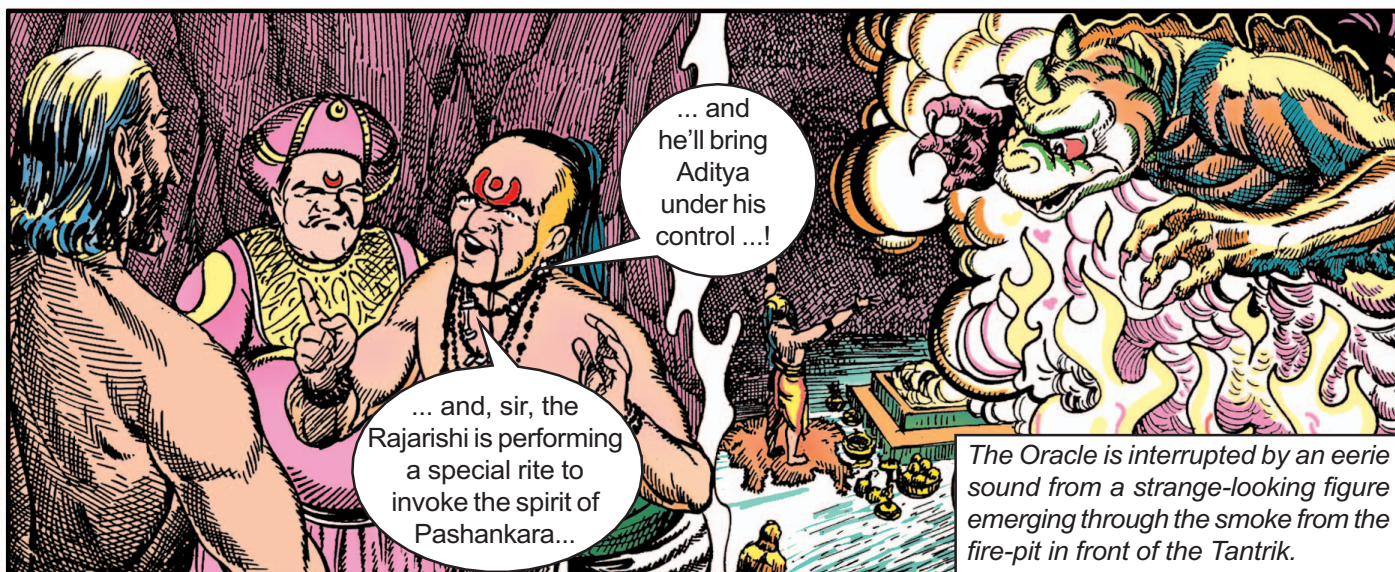
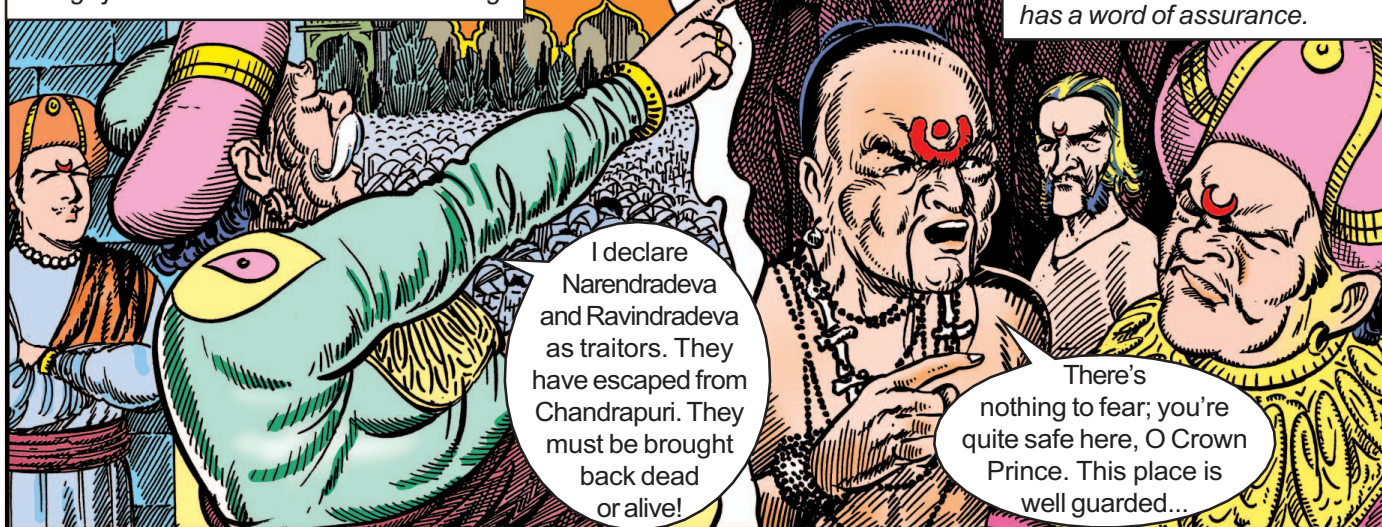
The sound of drums and trumpets outside the palace disturbs Aditya. He realises the imminent arrival of the king.

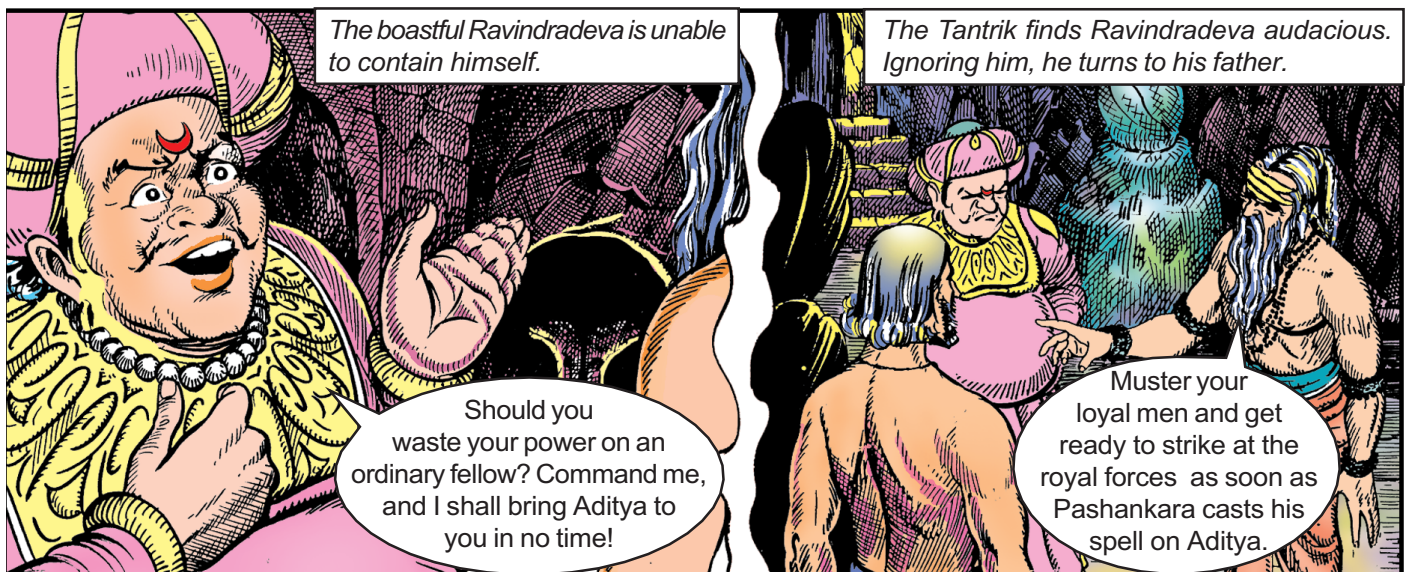
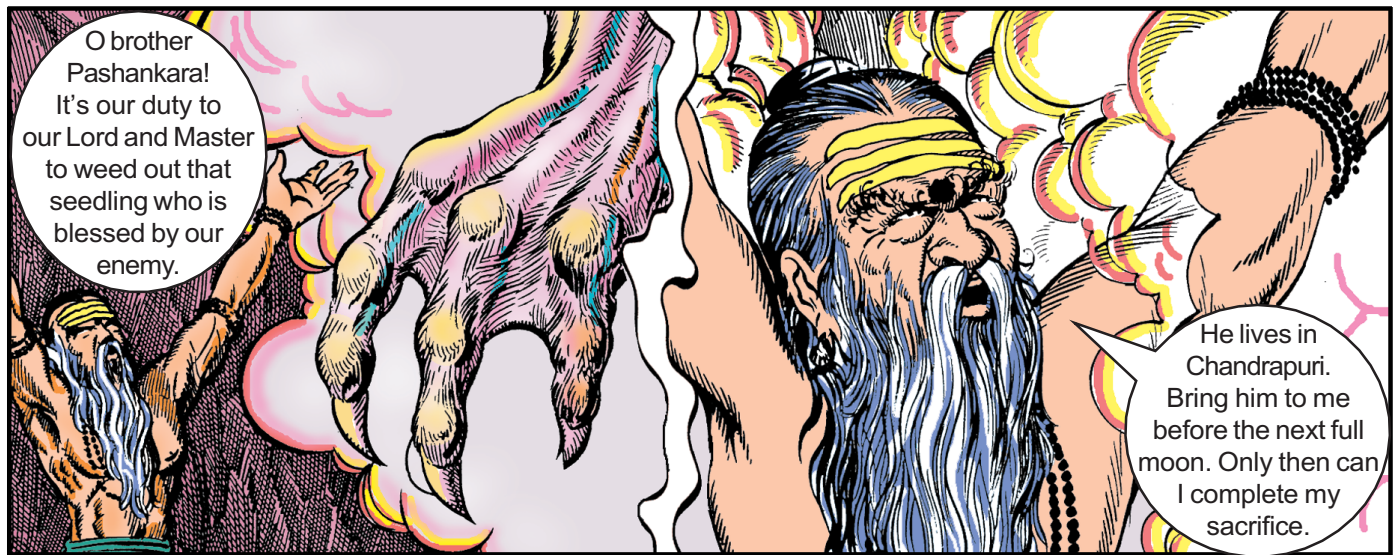
Aditya rushes towards the palace gates.

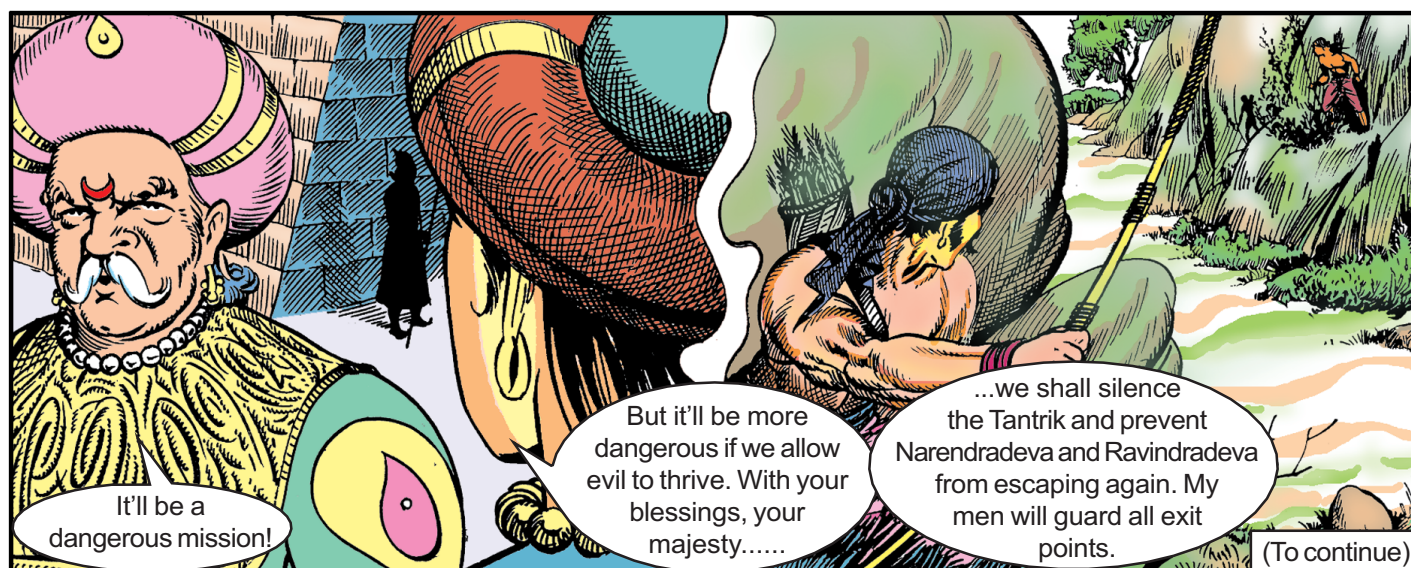
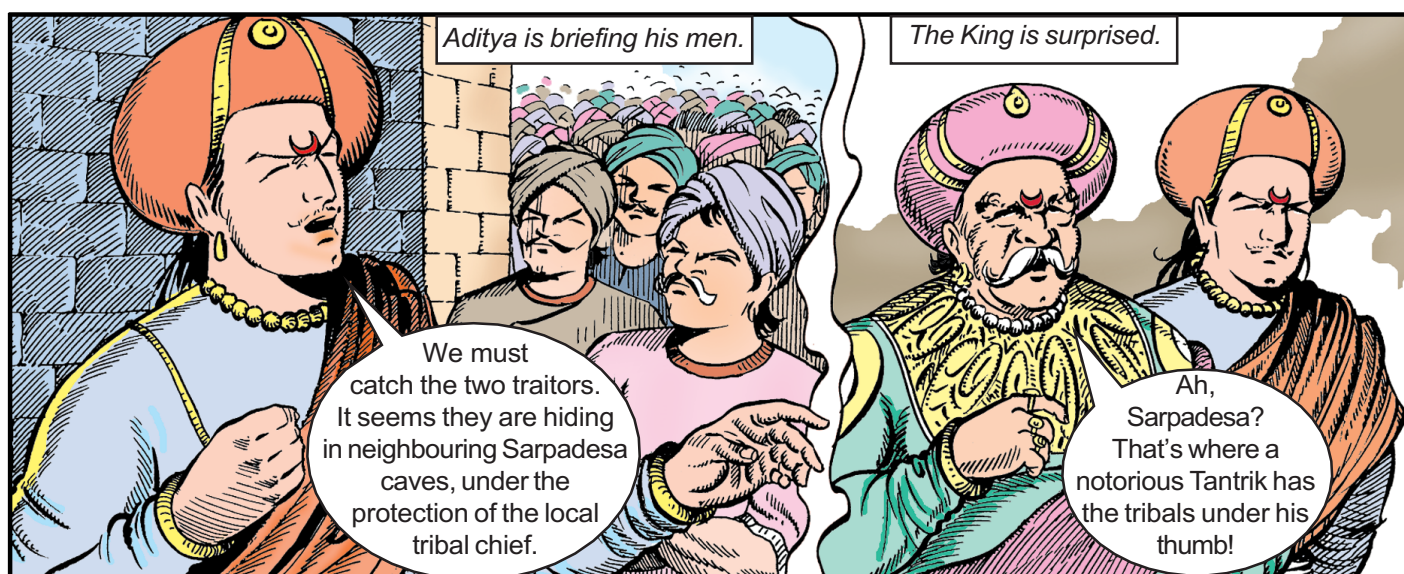
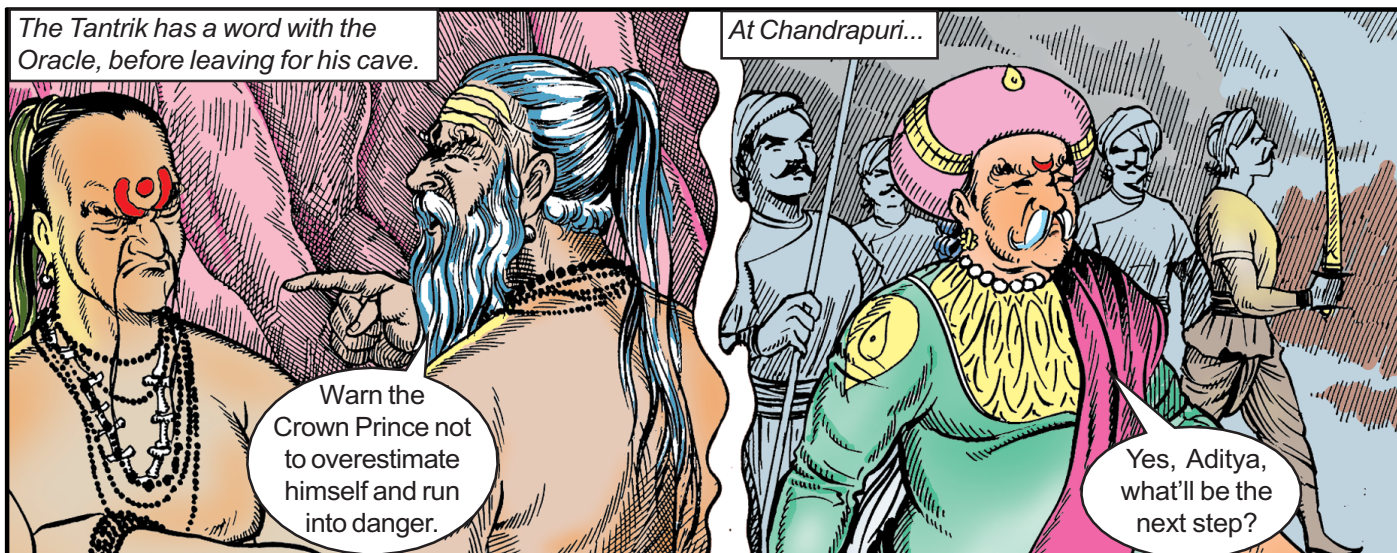


A huge jubilant crowd waits to hear the king.

At the Tantrik's cave, the Oracle has a word of assurance.

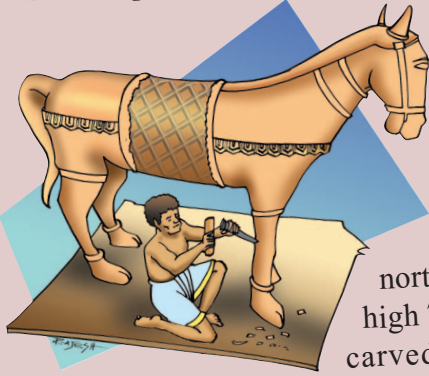






Aswamedha yaga in Gujarat

We have read of Aswamedha yaga performed by Sri Rama and Yudhishtira. A modern version of the yaga, though strictly following all the rites and rituals, is to take place in Gujarat, which was devastated by an earthquake in 2001.



The organisers ordered a wooden horse, which was made in Kanhangad, in north Kerala. The 6ft high 7ft long horse was carved out of a single mango trunk by Swamidurai of Kallakurichi in Tamilnadu. He took almost a month to carve the figure and spent another fortnight on carving decorations and other attractive features. After giving a brass covering to the horse, it was taken in an open rail wagon for 15 days for people to see and make offerings. Those accompanying the horse chanted *mantras* all the 15 days of travel.



Soyuz as souvenir

South African millionaire Mark Shuttleworth paid 20 million dollars to go up space. He now wants to buy the Soyuz capsule, in which he made his 10-day space travel, to keep as a memento! He is the second 'tourist' traveller to space, the first being Dennis Tito, a US businessman, who had a sojourn in space a year ago. Shuttleworth (28) was lifted off on April 25. After a week's stay in the International Space Station, the South African tycoon returned to earth in a pre-determined spot in Kazakhstan where Russian space officials were waiting to receive him. It was then that he made his desire known. "Could I buy the space capsule?" Soyuz being government property, Shuttleworth might have to be satisfied with a replica!



Day of quiet

When April 13 marked the new year in several parts of India with concurrent festivities, it was a Day of Silence in Bali, one of the larger islands of Indonesia. With a predominant Hindu population, Bali observed the day, with people remaining at home, without working, avoiding any travel, and use of electrical gadgets which might make any noise. There was no entertainment, no one watched the TV or listened to the radio, and telephones fell silent. Tourists stayed put in their hotel rooms. No aircraft flew over the island, and ships stood anchored. The rituals began the previous night when evil spirits were sent out to the sea and prevented from returning to the island the next day, which was a national holiday.





Manjula Siddi

pressed down the folds of her sari and patted the profusion of flowers in her hair. Dahlias, roses, jasmine – what a riot of colours, making her look prettier than ever.

She quickly got down to work on her floral *rangoli*, drawing the baskets of flowers close to her. Her daughter had just brought them from their garden, in time for the first ever flower *rangoli* contest in their village. It was the evening of the unique seed festival that their village, Naginkoppa, nestling among the Western Ghats in Karnataka, was hosting. And the floral *rangoli* contest was the last item on the day's programme.

Manjula loved growing flowers. She grew a wide variety and today her loving care was being put to good use. As she briskly filled her *rangoli* with flowers, she wordlessly thanked Bakul, the cheerful woman from the town, who had first sown the seeds of enthusiasm among the village women. It was she who had organised the seed festival.

Manjula remembered how it all began.....

It happened one afternoon. The women of Naginkoppa had just got back to the village after a long morning's work, harvesting paddy under the hot sun.

Manjula was among them. They had gathered to relax for a little while together. Nearby, the ancient sugarcane extractor had been set up. The bullocks were patiently going round and round. The workers were feeding in plump sugarcane, and the juice was led into huge cauldrons.

The juice would later be boiled down to molasses and stored in tins. Children loved this rich brown liquid, and when it was being prepared, they would buzz around, just like the *dammar* bees, which swarmed the area! The children would hold out little cups made of *peepul* leaves and beg to be given some of the liquid to drink.

The villagers of Naginkoppa grew all the older varieties of sugarcane, which were too soft for producing sugar in the mills. But, oh, what heavenly jaggery could be made from them! Sometime back, a woman from a nearby town had even come to Naginkoppa in search of these varieties of sugarcane. She had said, they were much better than the hybrid ones that needed more



fertilizers and water. Besides, eating jaggery is healthier than using the refined white sugar.

As the women sat around talking about sugarcane varieties, they saw Bakul heading towards them. Bakul went from village to village encouraging people to grow and save the older native varieties of crops that were slowly being replaced by newer hybrid ones.

This was her second visit to Naginkoppa. During her first trip, she had promised to show them slides of seeds and crops that grew in their region. Manjula could see that she carried a packet with her. Yes, they were the slides!

The slides were projected on a wall, and Manjula and her friends watched enthralled. They showed the crops that people in the Western Ghats grew in their home gardens. A delicious dazzling array of herbs, tubers, vegetables, flowers, and fruits. The women were excited: a lot of what they saw was similar to their own home gardens.

“Ayyo, *ishwara*! I never thought I’d see a *gubbi hagalkai* ever again!” exclaimed old Gangamma. “I thought it had disappeared.” She was referring to a picture of a bitter gourd - a variety that was as pert and tiny as a sparrow’s head.

Did you know that pepper, that popular spice used all over the world, originated in India? N.I. Vavilov, a Russian scientist who lived in the early twentieth century and travelled all over the world, discovered where our cereals, pulses, vegetables and spices originally came from. Vavilov and his group of dedicated scientists built up a large collection of seeds of all kinds in their laboratory. When political forces turned against them and forced them to hide in their offices, these scientists chose to die, rather than feed on their precious seed collection. Such was their unflinching devotion to the grain bank.

Bakul said the vegetable was very much alive and its seeds were available too! “Oh, get me some... they taste so good when roasted!” sighed Gangamma.

Bakul asked them to name all the varieties of bitter gourd they could think of. After a lot of excited chattering, the little group of animated women came up with eight kinds!

“Think of the hundreds of varieties of things that you



grow and have around you,” Bakul had said. She said home gardens were generally taken for granted and nobody realised that they could yield a wide variety of foods for the house. “If you save seeds from your gardens, and a variety of them, you save the money that you would spend on buying seeds and food from outside. And who knows, you might even be able to earn extra money by selling surpluses.”

Soon the women were excitedly discussing seeds, gardens, recipes, and home remedies! Manjula had been inspired by the slide show. Yes, we must cling to all the varieties that nature has bestowed, she thought. Bakul was pleased with their enthusiasm. Raising her voice to be heard above the chatter, she said, “Would you like to form an informal seed exchange group? What a variety of seeds you would then have access to!”

“Yes, yes,” everyone had chirped.

Then Manjula had had a brainwave. “Akka, will you help us organise a seed festival? Women from all the nearby villages can come with their seeds. We shall exchange seeds so that our home gardens can see more varieties of flowers, fruits and vegetables next season. Also we can set up food stalls, have games, songs, dances, and a flower *rangoli* contest!”

Bakul’s eyes had sparkled. “Yes, yes! That sounds wonderful.” All the women in the group had agreed. Even old Gangamma was excited: “I shall bring all the varieties of seeds that I’ve collected,” she said. “And all of you

must bring your children. They must learn about seeds and the power that these little specks have in them – a few grains will put forth enough to feed a family; a fistful can feed the whole community.”

...That was how the seed festival had happened. Everyone had enjoyed it. The old women who, after many years, were seeing seeds of some crop varieties that had disappeared from their village and had been even wiped out from their memories, loved the festival. The children wondered at nature’s bounty and enjoyed the food and the fun.

Manjula got up and surveyed her *rangoli*. All the contestants had finished. Then Gangamma and Bakul came up. They were the judges. They walked down the rows of *rangolis*. Manjula watched with bated breath. They stopped for a few moments pondering each *rangoli*. At last the results were announced. “The winner of the competition is... Manjula Siddi!” announced Bakul, beaming. Thrilled beyond words, Manjula walked up to claim her prize, pushing her way through her friends who closed in on her, gushing with pride and pleasure.

Later, as she clutched her prize and walked home with her children, Manjula silently thanked her lovely little flower garden, with its many colourful beds of flowers. She realised that Nature rewarded those who loved her.

- By Sunita Rao

Courtesy: The National Biodiversity Strategy and Action Plan (NBSAP) and Kalpavriksh



What belongs to you but others use it more than you do?

What did the letter say to the stamp?

What kind of shoes are made from banana skins?

Where do elephants store their clothes?

Which band doesn't make music?

Stick with me and we'll go places

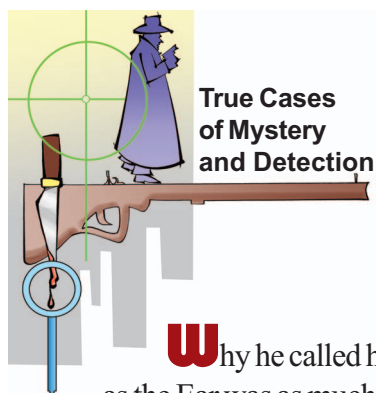
Rubber band

Answers :

Slippers

Trunks

Your name



THE ELUSIVE GANG OF SHANGHAI

Why he called himself by such an unusual name as the Ear was as much of an enigma as were the fellow himself and his followers. Wherefrom they appeared, and where they disappeared always remained a mystery. No one ever knew who the Ear was. But everyone knew that he was the leader of the most dangerous gang that ever existed in Shanghai.

Nobody had ever managed to trace either him or any of his followers. They were all found to be most elusive. Between the raids they carried out, they always seemed to vanish into thin air. But they were no ordinary thieves. The Ear and his gang were a group of cold-blooded murderers. Their operations had terrified the entire town. Suddenly, some of them would barge into a shop, shoot everyone down, then loot and disappear as quickly as they had come. All efforts by the police to trace and break up the gang had met with no success.

It so happened that, one day, Tai Sang received a threatening letter from the Ear. He must pay a hefty sum as ransom or be ready to face the consequences. Tai Sang was a little old man from Canton. He had come to Shanghai with practically empty pockets. But by sheer hard labour and with determination he had worked his way up to become the owner of one of the most well-known and flourishing shops in the whole town. He was known for his incorruptible honesty. So, the old man was furious with the Ear and vowed to teach him and his men,

whoever they were, a good lesson.

He went straight to the bank and drew the ransom amount informing the bank officials about the blackmail. As he was returning home, his rickshaw collided with another. The little old man was thrown off onto the street. In the midst of the melee that followed, someone in a flash snatched away from him the bag with the money and clean disappeared. The merchant hurried to the police station and reported the matter. He was certain that the Ear and his gang were behind this robbery.

All over the native town the rumour spread that the Ear had threatened Tai Sang with death for his audacity in complaining to the police. So the next move of the bandits was awaited with tense excitement. But the old man was visibly the least worried in spite of his well-wishers advising him to close his shop and leave the town.

Days passed and then weeks, but nothing untoward happened. There was a lull in the town and all was unusually calm and quiet. Had the Ear and his gang retired from their bloody business? However, one fine morning something unusual took place, something most unexpected.

In those days, policemen from other countries were stationed in Shanghai to help their Chinese counterparts. An old little Chinaman showed up at the headquarters of the foreign police. He sought a meeting with the Commissioner himself.

When ushered into the Commissioner's presence, the old man spoke, respectfully: "O honourable Sir, the Ear and his gang have been captured!"

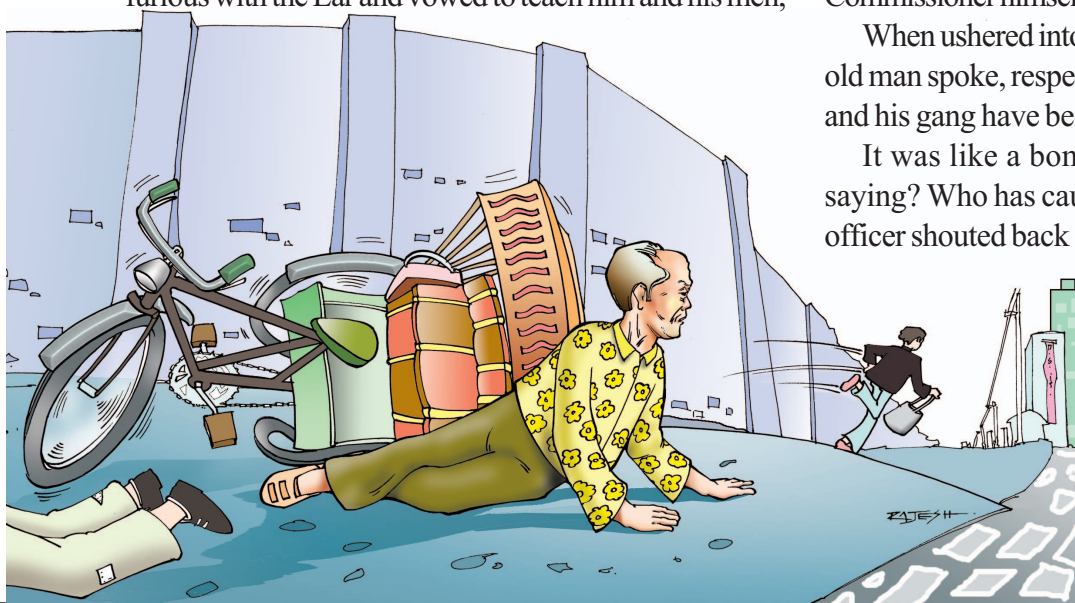
It was like a bombshell. "What on earth are you saying? Who has caught them? Where are they?" The officer shouted back in utter disbelief.

"I have trapped them all in the cellar in my shop, your honour!" replied the old man plainly.

"But, who are you, my dear friend?"

"I'm a humble merchant, Tai

Chandamama



Sang from Li-Yuen Street,” replied the visitor with a sweet smile.

The Commissioner scratched his head and gave a bewildered look. It did sound to him altogether incredible! How could an old bespectacled Chinaman, lean and thin and stooping, accomplish all by himself what two full-fledged police forces, the native Chinese force and the foreign one, had miserably failed to accomplish till then? Was he playing a joke on them?

But Tai Sang was firm. He repeated again and again, most patiently and politely, that he had indeed captured the Ear and his gang. It was the sober truth!

At last the officer agreed, as requested by Tai Sang, to send a couple of his men with him. But he warned him that if it was a joke, then he would pay dearly for his conduct. So the merchant was soon on his way to his shop flanked by two European policemen.

The door to Tai Sang’s shop was wide open as usual. As the two policemen peered around with curiosity, suddenly both jumped up giving a startled cry. What happened? They had made a most extraordinary discovery! There stood Tai Sang, little and bent, beside them. But right across, seated at the desk in the inner room was also a Tai Sang, staring with expressionless eyes! What did all this mean? Had the merchant a twin brother or a double?

The merchant standing beside them coolly pointed to the floor in front of the desk where his double sat. Then he himself disappeared behind a curtain. The next moment the wooden floor creaked, and the spot that Tai Sang had shown opened up into a square gaping hole. It was a trap door!

“Dear friends, kindly wait. Draw your revolvers and

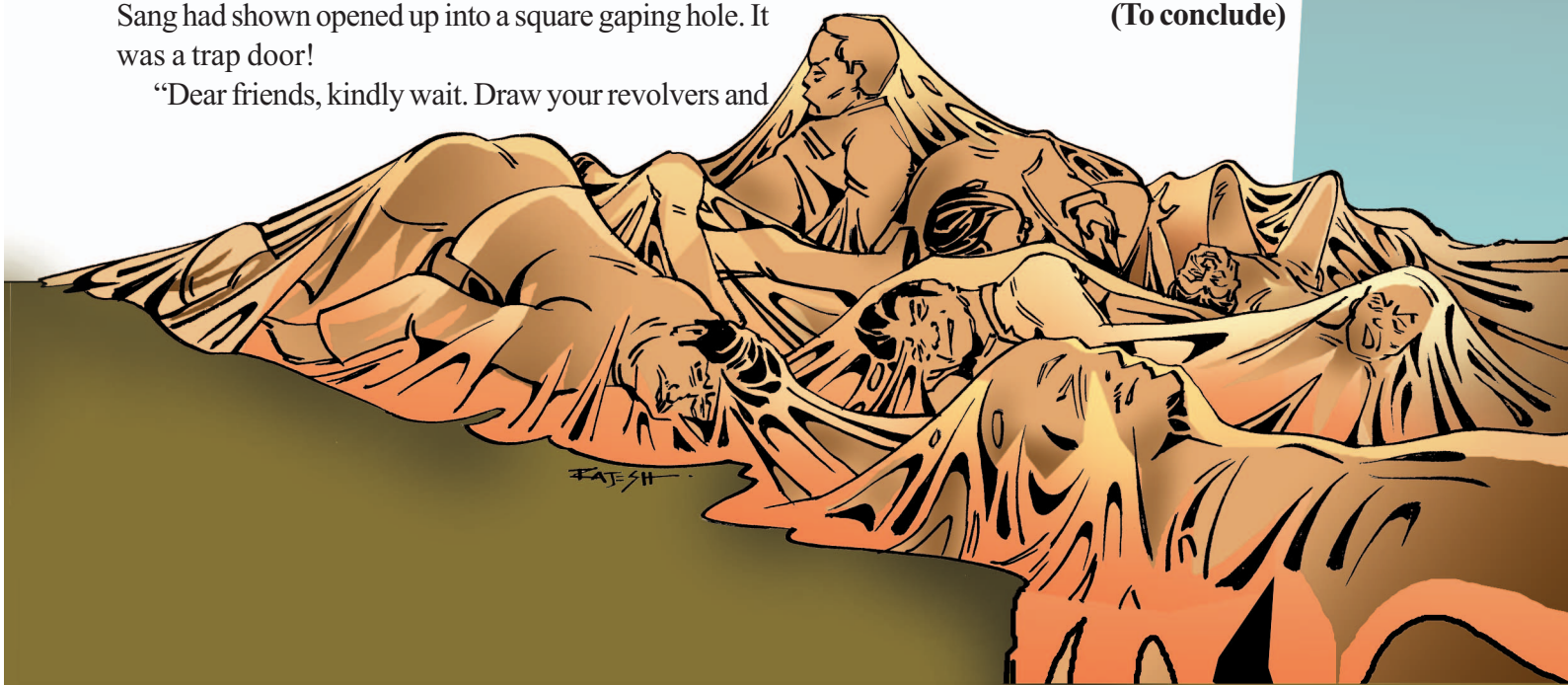
be ready to shoot.” It was Tai Sang’s voice that came from the immobile figure of his at the desk. Then he made his appearance from behind the curtain.

The two policemen were awe-struck. Everything seemed to them so unreal. There was a magical and mysterious effect—the dimly lit room with all its antique wares, the motionless puppet-like assistants behind their tables, and Tai Sang’s double at the desk and the yawning trap door in front of it. It was eerie and the officers were confused and dizzy. Just then the old man shuffled to the hole and flashed a torch into it. He then signalled the others to come closer and look down.

In the cellar the two policemen could make out twelve men trapped in some brownish, sticky and glittering substance. They were all moving their limbs with great difficulty and producing a moaning sound. One of them particularly seemed to be going mad with fury. He was, the merchant told the officers, none other than the Ear. The rest were his gang.

But how did he manage to accomplish this impossible task?

(To conclude)



OUTWITTED!

Chinnu was ten years old and absolutely alone in this world. But, boy, wasn't he smart? He did odd jobs here and there and earned enough to feed and clothe himself. He never felt sorry for himself, or even lonely.

One day, as he was helping out at a book shop, he saw many children crowding and asking for pens, pencils, erasers, and all other things that schoolchildren need. For the first time in his young life, Chinnu felt sad for himself. 'How wonderful it would be if I could earn enough to go to school and study,' he thought.

The thought took deep roots very soon. He looked at everyone on the street with new light. 'If I could study, I could work in grand offices,' he thought. 'Who knows I might not become rich enough to buy a car some day! And then I could drive to work...like all those others.'

He decided that he must somehow earn enough to pay for his education. One day, as he stood frowning under a tree wondering how he could earn that money, he heard a shriek of laughter. He looked up. It was a monster. "Hee! Hee! I'm Shaitan!" The monster introduced himself. "I know what you're thinking! You want money, and lots of it – to go to school and become educated. Am I right?" Chinnu was stunned. "I can give you whatever you want," continued Shaitan.

"Wow, thanks!" Chinnu was thrilled.

"Hey, hold on!" said Shaitan. "There's a condition. After you've finished your Class 10 final examination, you must become my slave for life."

"Sure," said Chinnu without any hesitation. 'That's

a long way off and I can think of a way out of it by then!' he thought.

So Shaitan handed him a box full of currency notes and coins, and soon Chinnu got himself admitted to school. He was a bright and hardworking student, and always stood first in class. He passed the Class 10 exam with flying colours. As he walked out of the school with his mark sheet, he heard a shriek of laughter on the road.

The voice sounded familiar. Chinnu looked all around. Sure enough, it was Shaitan. He was reclining on the wall of the school compound. "Your time's up, fellow. Now be bad enough to follow me!"

But Chinnu was not prepared to give in. "Give me two more years and I shall complete my Plus Two and then join you," he begged. Shaitan agreed and vanished.

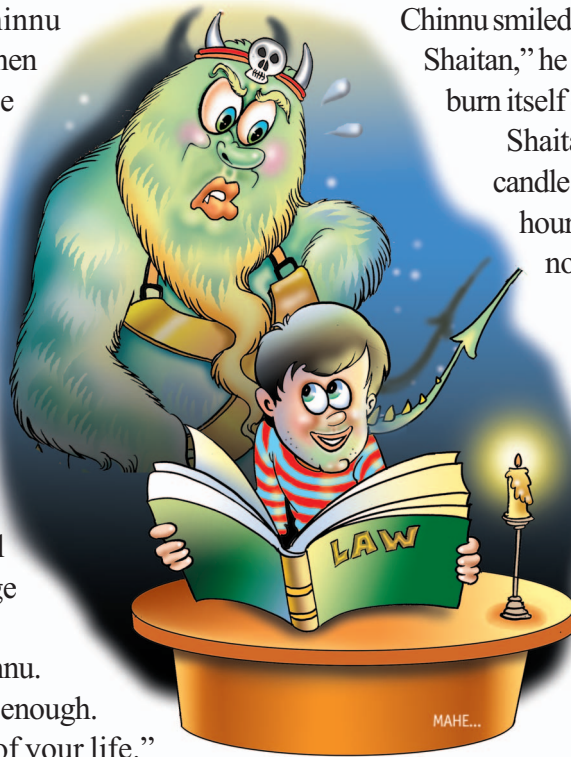
Two years passed and Chinnu stood first in the State in the Plus Two examination. Shaitan was at his elbow again. "Come on, my boy, come!" he chuckled. "I'll be the only monster in the whole wide world to have a brilliant State ranker for a servant."



“Just three more years,” Chinnu pleaded. “I’ll finish college and then become yours forever.” Three years won’t make a difference, Shaitan thought. He went away without a word.

Chinnu joined the Law College. His native cleverness helped him sail through the course. After the graduation ceremony, he rushed to his room in the men’s hostel where he now lived. He knew that Shaitan would be on his way. He lit a small butt of a candle and took up a huge book and sat down to read.

Shaitan appeared. “Well, Chinnu. Come on now, I’ve educated you enough. You must serve me for the rest of your life.”



Chinnu smiled. “I won’t disappoint you this time, Shaitan,” he answered. “But just let this candle burn itself out, and I’ll follow you.”

Shaitan saw that it was a small butt of a candle. It would not last more than half an hour. He could wait. “Ok, Chinnu, but no more delays after this,” he said.

Immediately Chinnu leaned forward and blew out the candle. He took the butt and put it in his pocket. “There! Now let us wait for it to burn out!” he declared.

Shaitan’s jaw dropped. He knew he had been cornered. ‘Shouldn’t have let him study law!’ he muttered and vanished, never to return again.

- By Sumy

**ALL NEW!
JUST FOR YOU !!**

Here are some new products
in the market that might interest you!

Funskool’s new toy **RUMMIKUB ARITHMAGIC**

Another toy from the house of Funskool is Rummikub Arithmagic. This game is played with 104 tiles that are numbered 1 to 13 and are in 4 colours. The players have to place their tiles from the rack onto the table by making a sequence of same colour scheme or sequences of same numbers of the four given colours.

This is a family game and ideal for 2 to 4 players. The game is designed for children aged six years and above. The toy is aimed at developing the analytical and reasoning ability of children. The kit is priced Rs. 275/- only.



Amrutanjan introduces **DIGESTIVE CANDIES**



Amrutanjan, the company that has been a household name for more than a century, has introduced a new product – ‘Balle Balle’ digestive candies. ‘Balle Balle’ is available in two flavours – mango and lemon. The candies are priced 50 paise each.

Women who made history

RANI DURGAVATI

Durgavati was the daughter of the Rajput Chief of Mahoba. Commenting on her beauty, people would say she must have been blessed by goddess Durga Herself.

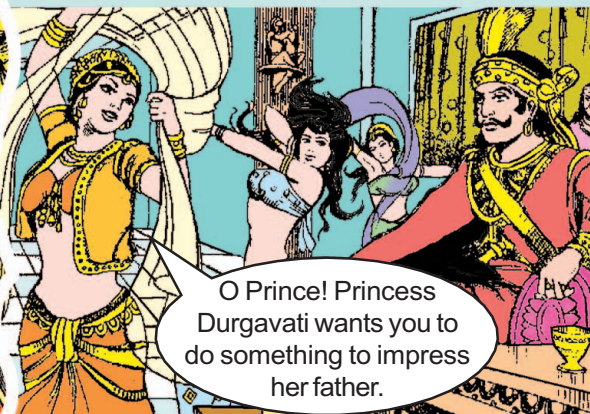


One day, from a hilltop she saw some pilgrims being attacked by a gang of robbers. Before she could go to the help of the pilgrims, a young man on a horseback appeared and drove away the robbers.



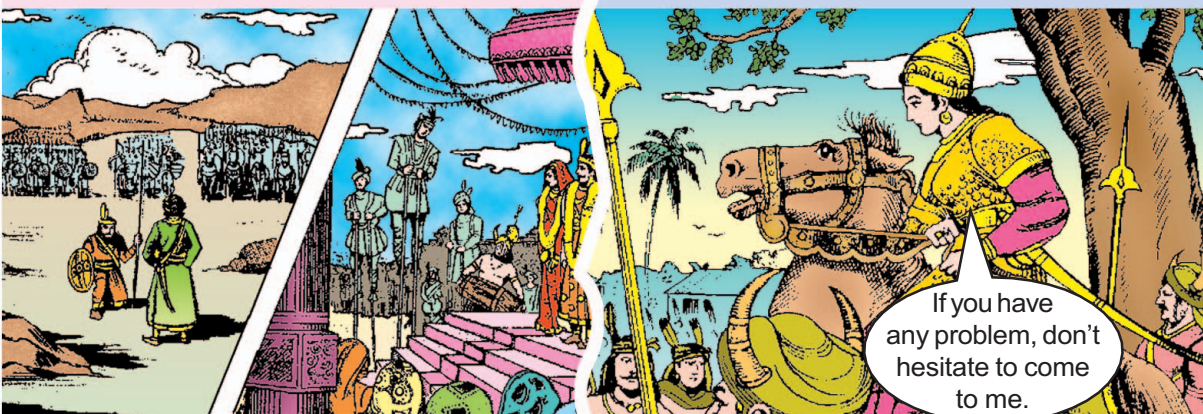
He was Dalpat, the son of Raja Sangram Shah of Garha. The Raja sought the hand of Durgavati for his son. But her father rejected the proposal, as the Raja belonged to the Gonds, a tribe.

Durgavati sent some dancing girls to Garha. They managed to pass on a message to Dalpat.

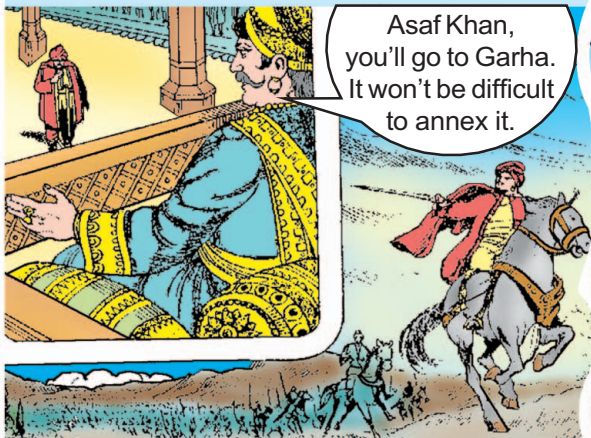


Dalpat led an army to Mahoba. Durgavati pleaded with her father to avoid a battle. She told him: "Character is greater than caste." Her father met Dalpat and later conducted their marriage.

Unfortunately, Dalpat fell ill and passed away, leaving a 3-year-old son. Durgavati took up her royal duties on behalf of little Vir Narayan. Gorha was soon a prosperous kingdom.



At that time Akbar was expanding the Mughal empire. His general Asaf Khan had a large army with him.



Asaf Khan,
you'll go to Garha.
It won't be difficult
to annex it.

Rani Durgavati decided to take on the might of the Mughal army. She led the valiant Gonds to face the invaders. Asaf Khan found a match in the Rani. He bribed a tribal to shoot an arrow at her.



We will not
give up an inch of
our land to the
Mughals.

The Rani was wounded. She ordered a strategic retreat. They had to cross a river which was in spate.



All of you
get across first,
I shall be right
behind you.

She was the last to get into a boat. Unknown to her, Asaf Khan and his soldiers closed in on her. When she knew she could not escape, she stabbed herself to death.



I'm not a
fool to surrender
to them!

In his mother's absence, young Vir Narayan defended the fort. The battle raged for two months. Vir Narayan was killed.



We shall
defend the fort till
our last breath!

Asaf Khan looted all the wealth of Garha he found in the fort. Not only did Akbar not get any part of the wealth, he had to take the blame for being mean to the brave queen of an innocent kingdom.



This series concluded



EMOTIONS IN COLOUR

❖ **When do people become “red-faced?” I come across this expression very often.**

- Sasikala Sreekumar, Ahmedabad

The expression only implies that someone is very angry or feels embarrassed over some remark or an act. Suppose, you are hauled up before your Principal, who finds your explanation not convincing and she is certain that you are lying, she will appear to you red-faced. Don't forget that you yourself would have gone red-faced, when the class teacher approached you and pulled out a sheaf of papers of your note-book from underneath your answer paper. And this happened right in front of your classmates.

While the Principal was angry with you, you were embarrassed as you had been caught red-handed. Perhaps you were not peeping into your notes at that moment, but you could not conceal your intentions! When people become angry or embarrassed, blood rushes to their face and it turns red. Though this may not be very perceptible in people with a dark complexion, those with a fair skin will not be able to hide their emotions.

❖ **The other day a friend wrote about the salary rise he was given in his company, adding that he found himself ‘on cloud nine’. What does that mean?**

- Ebenezer Sathianathan, Palayamcottah

When someone is in perfect happiness (probably the steep salary rise was not expected that soon), he can be said to be “on cloud nine”. The Weather Bureau in the USA often uses the expression “cloud nine” for the cumulo nimbus clouds formed at a height of 30,000 to 40,000 feet. If anyone were to be on cloud nine, he or she will certainly feel “on top of the world”. And he or she will have reasons to be very happy.



★ ***I have read about Mr. Neville Chamberlain, one time prime minister of England. He would never be seen without his umbrella, so much so, he was popularly called ‘umbrella Chamberlain’. Who popularised the umbrella in England?***

- Mohan Kopikar, Hubli

Sunshades, without a handle, was a common sight in some Asian countries, especially with those working in fields when it rained as there would not be any place nearby where they could take shelter. In England, a person called Jonas Hanway, who lived in the 17th century, could be seen in the streets of London holding an umbrella on rainy days. On other days, too, he carried the umbrella to make sure that when others got wet, he would remain dry! Haven't you heard of the proverbial unpredictable English weather?

★ ***Isn't waking up in the morning ‘natural’? Why do we need alarm clocks or time-pieces to wake us up?***

- Pramila Dhawan, Ghaziabad

Any normal, healthy person going to bed, say, around 9 or 10 p.m., usually wakes up at around 5 or 6 a.m. The biological clock inside him tells him he has had enough sleep to enable him to keep awake for another 15 or 16 hours. However, if one is ill or is unusually tired physically, he or she would continue to sleep beyond the usual wake-up time. Your body as well as brain need enough rest (absence of any physical or mental activity) while you are awake. However, by lying down and going to sleep, you get better physical rest, and you wake up fresh. You need an alarm-clock if you have to, not by your choice, wake up earlier than usual.

This may interest you

Kangaroos are large-sized animals. Would you believe that at birth, the babies (called joeys) are only one inch long?

**USE YOUR
CREATIVITY TO
WIN A PRIZE**

An invitation to children to contribute to the

CHILDREN'S SPECIAL

(November 2002 issue)

For young writers : Send us your original stories, up to 500 words, with a catchy title. Entries may be in English, Hindi, Bengali, Oriya, Marathi, Gujarati, Telugu, Kannada, Tamil or Malayalam. You may send up to three entries. Selected entries will be published in the Children's Special issue, November 2002, in all twelve language editions.

For young artists : Up to three drawings/paintings based on a well-known incident in Indian mythology/history (to be explained in writing). Artists selected by us will be invited to Chennai (travel expenses paid) to illustrate the stories/items chosen for the Special Number.

Closing date: August 31, 2002

Attractive prizes up for grabs!

Photo : Please attach a passport size photo along with your entry.

(Please detach the coupon below, fill in the details and attach it to your entries. Send your entries to

Children's Special Contest, Chandamama India Limited,

82, Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.)

Name : Age/Date of Birth :

Class : School :

Home address :

.....Pin Code :

Description of entries :-

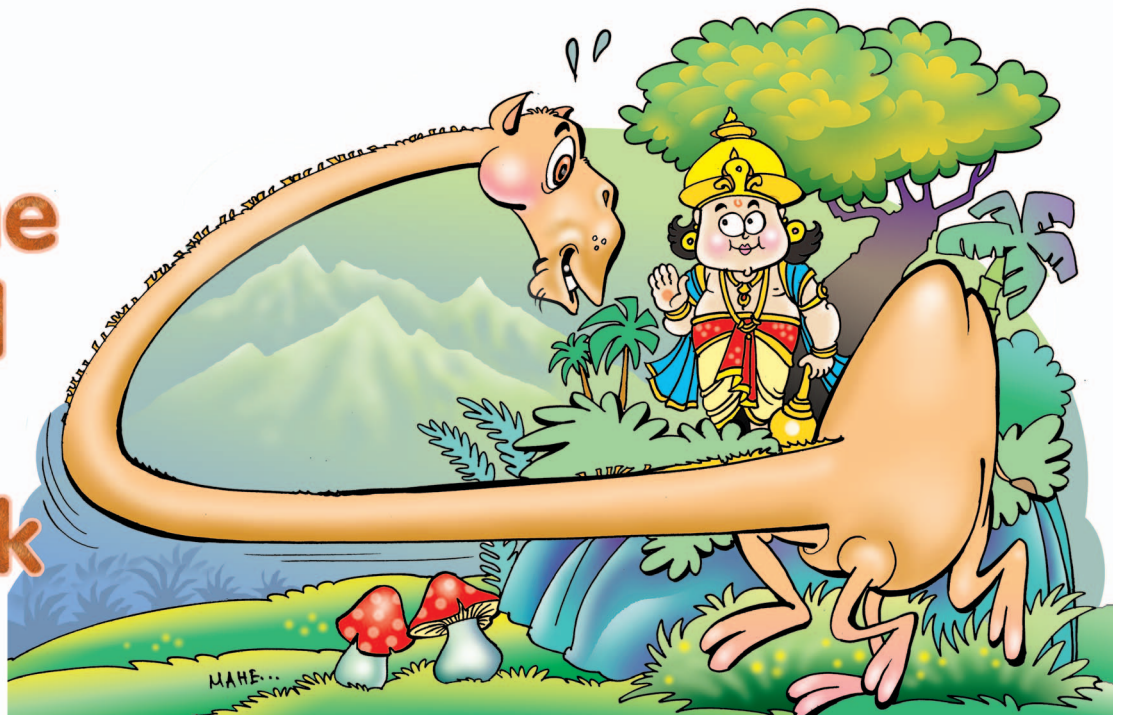
1.
2.
3.

I hereby certify that the entries mentioned above are the original, unaided work of my son/daughter. I hereby agree to *Chandamama* holding full copyright on the selected entry and using it in the print and electronic media and in any language.

Signature of Participant

Signature of Parent

Why the camel sticks its neck out!



It was the day God was creating all the animals. Each animal had a different size, shape, colour, call, and even personality. Each was unique and special. And God was happy with the way each was made. Yet there were some animals who were unhappy over how they had been created. They wanted to look different. Among them was the camel.

He looked at himself and thought, 'I wish I didn't have such long legs and such a short neck... It's so difficult to bend down to eat grass or even drink water. My neck is so far away from the ground!' He was so upset with his appearance that he hid himself away from all the other animals, in a lonely cave. He wondered whether he would be stuck with this problem forever.

Then an idea flashed across his mind. Would God listen to his request if he pleaded with Him? There was no harm in trying, so the camel closed his eyes and started meditating. He called the name of God so earnestly that His heart melted. He appeared before the camel. "My child, what is it that you desire? Tell me, and I'll grant you whatever you ask for," said God.

The camel was a bit shy to put forth his request. "My Lord, you're the Almighty. There's nothing that you don't know. Yet, I have this request," he replied. "I've trouble eating and drinking because my neck is not proportionate to the rest of my body. Could you please give me a longer neck?"

God looked at the camel for a long moment and then

said gently, "So be it, my child. You'll have a neck which will be one *kos* long." The Lord then went away.

As soon as He left, the camel's neck began to grow. He could feel the changes taking place in his body. He stared in disbelief as his neck began to stretch. One inch, two inches...one foot...ten feet...till it was exactly one *kos* long. It then stopped growing. The camel could not contain his excitement! He was still sitting in the cave, but his head was a *kos* away in the jungle. This was unheard of!

This new situation suited the camel very much and he began to use it to his advantage. He did not have to wander in search of food. He continued to lounge in the cave while his long neck looked around in the jungle and got him food. He became lazy and slothful because he did not have to work hard at all. His days went by in blissful emptiness.

Wise men have said that an empty mind is a devil's workshop. This, of course, proved true for the camel! Having nothing better to do, his wandering mind began to look for entertainment in mischief. He started making life miserable for the other animals in the jungle. He pulled the mane of the lion, which was basking in the warm sun. Seeing a tiger family frolicking together, he caught hold of one of the cubs and carried it far away. The monkeys would have their tails pulled, and the deer were disturbed while grazing. In short, the camel succeeded in making a complete nuisance of himself. The animals in the jungle finally realised that something had to be done.

An emergency meeting was called in the jungle. The only issue on the agenda was – the camel nuisance.

“Let’s beat him up,” roared the lion. “That would teach him a lesson.” He remembered how much it had pained when the camel had pulled his mane.

“No,” said the deer softly, “let’s just ask him to leave the jungle.”

“That’s unfair,” said the monkey and the bear together. “After all, he too is an animal and the jungle is for everybody. Where would he go?”

There was silence for some time as all of them put on their thinking caps.

“I’ve a suggestion,” said the little squirrel. “Why don’t we take our problem to God? I’m sure He’ll have a solution which will be fair to all of us, and the camel as well.”

They made their way to God. The elephant was chosen their spokesperson, so he stepped forward. Bowing with his trunk, he said, “We come to you with a problem, O mighty God, knowing that your decision will be fair and just.” He explained how the camel with his long neck had been making life difficult for all the animals in the jungle.

After listening to the whole story, God looked at them with compassion and said, “My dear children, I’ll surely do something about this. Your faith in my judgement will be rewarded. Go back in peace.”

The animals looked at one another and, nodding their

heads in approval, they started back for the jungle. They passed by the cave where the camel was lounging. Of course, the camel couldn’t see them as his neck and head were one *kos* away!

Two days later, it started raining heavily and there was water everywhere in the jungle. All the animals went to their homes and protected themselves from the rain. But the poor camel did not know what to do! His neck was spread out so long that there was no way he could

hide himself. At last, he pushed his head into a bush and waited for the rain to stop.

Some time later, a fox, unable to bear his hunger any longer, braved the pouring rain and came in search of some food. Seeing the neck of the camel lying around, he took it for a dead animal. He caught hold of it and dragged it into his cave

and took a bite! Howling in pain, the camel collected his long neck and went in search of God again.

“O Lord and maker of all things, you’re the wise one! I’m sorry for having complained about the way you made me. Please do something and save me from my agony,” pleaded the camel.

Taking pity on the camel, God reduced the length of the camel’s neck, making it neither too long nor too short. The camel’s neck, as we see it today, is the result of that blessing by God. And, of course, the camel realised that this was far more comfortable than having a *kos* long neck!



Cure and care



Although medicine and pharmaceutical science are advancing by the day, drugs made from natural sources, mostly plants, still occupy an important place in the world. According to a recent study, about 80% of the people in less developed countries depend on traditional medicines for primary healthcare. Shows how important medicinal plants are to us, doesn't it?

FUN TIMES

Hi, kids! Here are some fun activities for you. Try your hand at them.
Hope you enjoy yourself!



Lotsa fun-in-one

Just one picture and so many things to do: first colour the picture, then find out what is wrong with the picture of Aunty Ant. Also hunt out the name of the ant that is hidden in this picture. And by the way, have you found out which two of the beetles are similar?

Single stroke

Isn't this a wonderful swan? D'you know what's unique about it? It has been drawn without lifting the pencil from the paper. Why don't you give it a try?



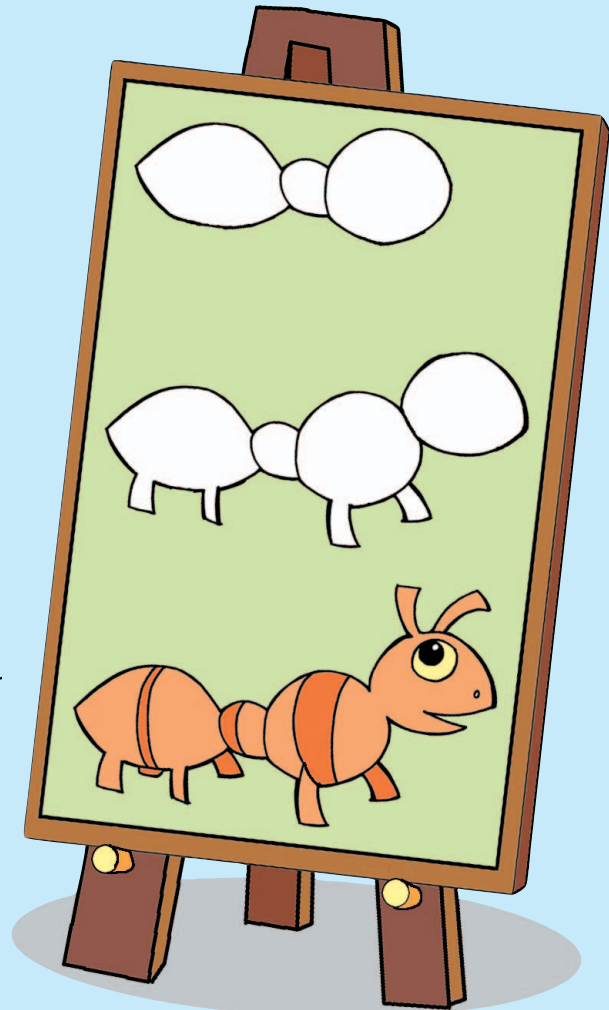
Fun Father



This old man has one long fluffy beard, doesn't he? Look closely and you'll see that many creatures are hidden inside it. How many can you identify?

Anty Art

Would you like to become an artist? Just follow the simple steps given here to draw an ant.



Spot 'em out!

The two pictures may appear identical, but there are eight differences between them. Happy spotting!

(Answers on page 64)



Sports Savvy

Hey, all you sports buffs! Here's an interesting crossword for you. The words here are terms related to popular sports.

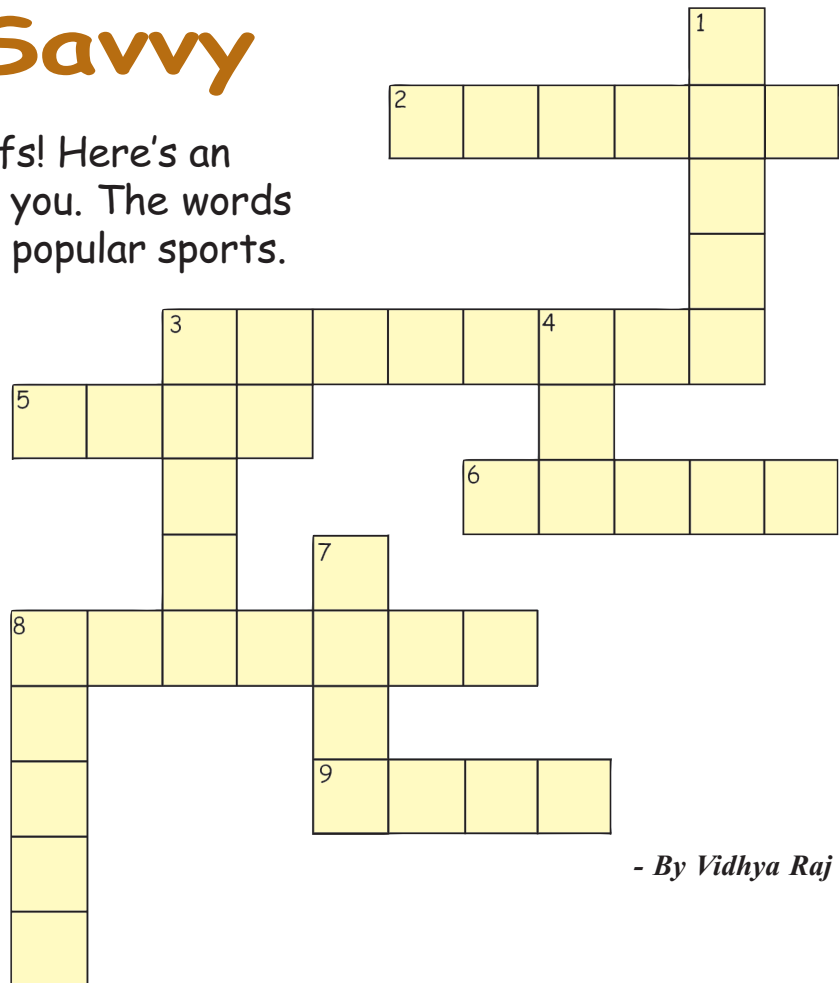
Clues:

Across:

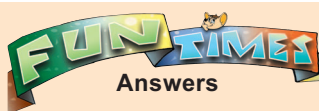
2. It is within a discussion; it is thrown far. (6)
3. The limit that's hit. (8)
5. Your aim must be to score it! (4)
6. Swear word. Also a match situation. (5)
8. A punishment. (7)
9. Leap across with this tall slender thing. (4)

Down:

1. A ditch; fielders stand here. (5)
3. A club; it is passed on. (5)
4. Rare; must be hit. (3)
7. To move; a position. (4)
8. A playing ground to erect a tent. (5)



- By Vidhya Raj



Spot 'em out !

1. Design of the ribbon
2. Bangles
3. Door on the house
4. Fish on ground
5. Tree, near the house
6. Basket's handle
7. Shape of the hat
8. Length of the girl's hair

Lotsa fun-in-one

One leg is missing in the ant.
Ant's name is TINA

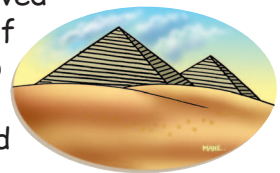


Fun
Father !

That's science for you

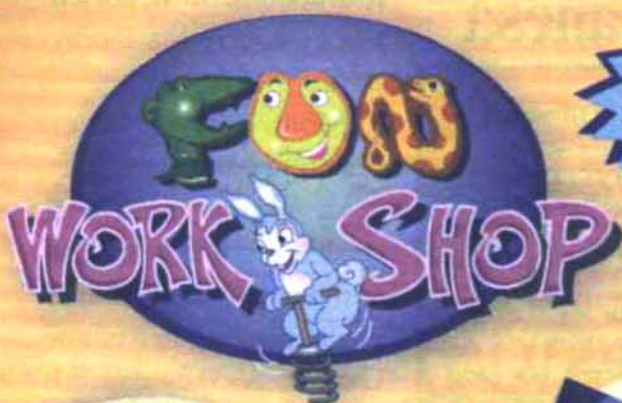
Ancient Egyptians built amazing monuments. Take for example, the pyramids. They are not only an excellent example of the building skills of the Egyptians, but also speak highly of their ability to organise and manage a large workforce.

The Greek historian Herodotus says that at least 100,000 men were involved in the construction of pyramids. This large group had to be free from the usual ailments like dysentery and cholera.



Guess how the Egyptians managed that? Historians say that the diet of these workers largely included radishes, garlic, and onions - three vegetables known for their anti-bacterial properties. And this was much before bacteria were discovered. Their practical knowledge had developed enough for them to know that these vegetables kept off diseases.

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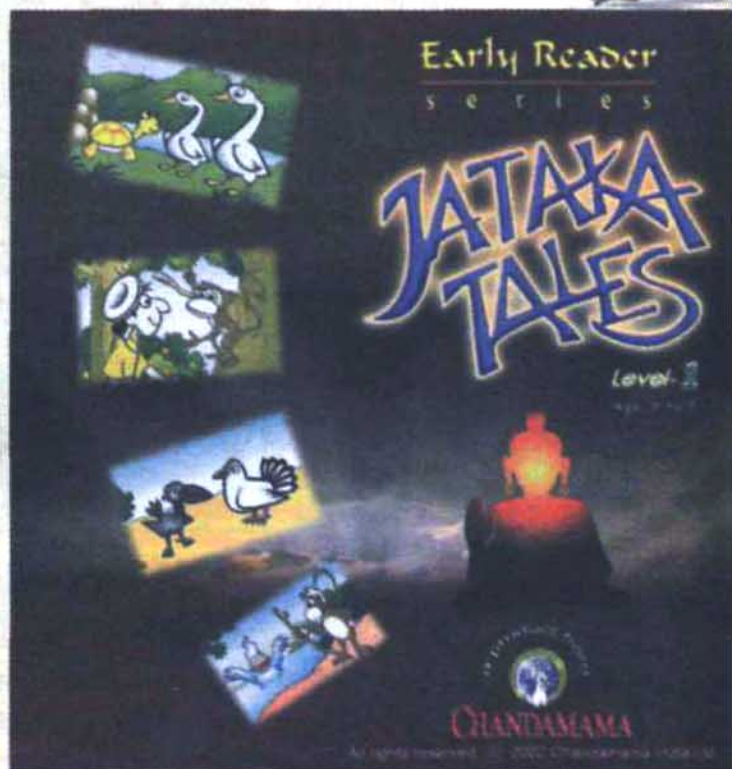
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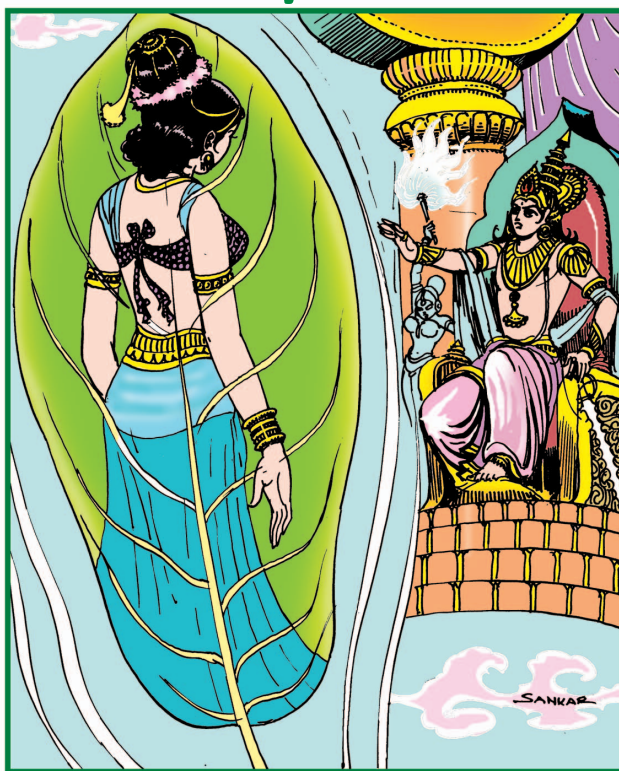
Kailas, the abode of Siva and Parvati, wore a festive look. Preparations were in full swing for the marriage of Kumara and Devayani, the daughter of Lord Indra. Kumara had just returned after his victory over the demon Tarakasura. But he thought his marriage could wait, because his elder brother was still not married. Kumara announced that he would marry only after Ganesa had taken a wife.

Parvati sought out Vighneswara and told him, "My son, it's only right and proper that you get married first before your younger brother is married." To which Ganesa responded by saying, "Mother, it is surprising that you, of all people, believe in such superstitions. You know very well that I'm averse to marriage. Then, why should you insist on my marrying?"

Parvati would not leave the matter there. A few days later, she again spoke to Vighneswara. Till then, Ganesa was putting forth one excuse or another. That day, he said, "Mother, brother Kumara is in the habit of doing *tapas* under one pretext or another. I, too, would like to undertake a *tapas*." A loving mother that she was, Parvati could not but agree to his wish.

Now it was the turn of Indra to put obstacles to prevent Ganesa going into *tapas* indefinitely. He asked the nymphs of heaven to disturb Ganesa's meditation. However, one of them named Arka refused to obey Indra's

The Story of Ganesa



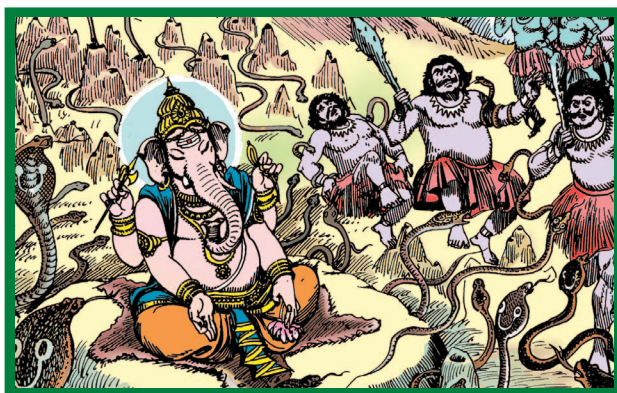
8. Obstacles to Kumara's Wedding

Parvati thought that Ganesa had returned on conclusion of his *tapas*. "My son, now that you are back here, you must get married."

Ganesa then told her what had happened. "I must continue my *tapas*, mother. I don't know how long it will last. Kumara should not wait for me."

Ganesa now chose a place full of snake-pits. When he began his *tapas*, the snakes came out and stood guard at the place. Lord Indra called the followers of Mooshikasura and said, "Your master is now serving as the mount of Ganesa. He is doing *tapas* only to destroy all of you. You must go and force him to stop his *tapas*."

The demons went to where Ganesa was meditating and tried to disturb him. The serpents surrounded them and bit



many of them. They were killed. Whichever demons survived the attack ran away from the place, cursing Indra.

The Lord then thought of another strategy. He called some devas and asked them to accompany the nymphs to arouse feelings of passion and love in Ganesa. When they came and disturbed Ganesa's *tapas*, the snakes once again attacked them. The devas and nymphs could not resist the snakes and ran back to heaven. Ganesa showed his gratitude and affection to the snakes by wearing some of them around his neck as garlands and

ornaments. He returned to Kailas. Parvati was surprised to see her son in that state. "Mother, isn't it only natural for a son to follow his father?" said Ganesa by way of explanation. "These snakes saved my life. I have befriended them, and in future I shall be known as Nagabhushana."

At that moment, Lord Siva arrived on the scene and blessed his son. Parvati turned to him and said, "Look at our son! Ganesa himself puts obstacles to his marriage, and before he marries, how can Kumara get married to Devayani?" **(To continue)**

Woolly Race

Is it raining hard? And are you and your friends bored? Try this indoor game: it's writing on the wall with wool, but you needn't be woolly-headed to play it!

Divide yourselves up into two teams. Each team needs a ball of wool, a rectangular piece of cardboard (big enough to write a six-letter word), a roll of cello tape, and a pair of scissors.

Put up the cardboards on the wall. Each of the team thinks up a six-letter English word. Now each member of the team 'writes' one letter of the team's chosen word on your team's board with the ball of wool. You may use the cello tape to stick the wool into the shape of the letters.

And mind you, the scissors is only for cutting the tape into little bits. The wool mustn't be cut at all. After one member finishes her/his

Things
you will
need:

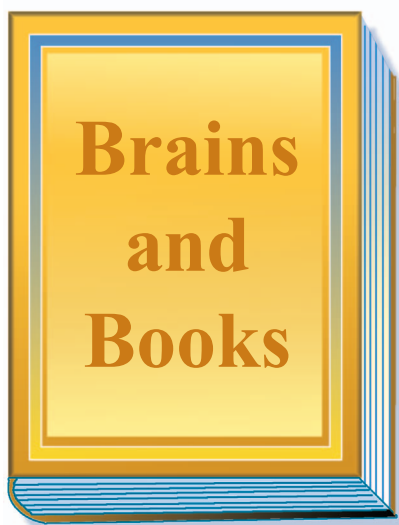


letter, leave the wool hanging for the next to take up. Once both teams finish their wool writing, total up the scores.

The team that finishes first gets 10 points for winning the race. Next count up the pieces of cello tape used by each team. The team that has used the least number of tape pieces gets 10 points while the other team gets -10. Now find out who's the winner!

Be sure to keep your wool, tape, and cardboard ready for another rainy day!





There is so much of patriotism in the air in the month of August, especially with the anniversary of Independence coming off on August 15. This month's quiz should, therefore, make you feel proud of our nation.

Write down the answers on a sheet of paper; title your entry "Brains and Books" (mention month); attach the coupon below (a MUST; photocopies will not be accepted); and mail it to us to reach us before the 20th. **Important:** The contest is open to children between 5 and 15 years. The answers and names of the prizewinners will appear in the issue after next. The **first three** all correct entries will receive one of Chandamama's publications.

1. Match the following landmarks with their locations:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| a) Buland Darwaza | i) Mumbai |
| b) Gateway of India | ii) Delhi |
| c) Char Minar | iii) Fatehpur Sikri |
| d) India Gate | iv) Hyderabad |



5. This is the 150th year of Indian Railways. What is the name given to the mascot fashioned for the celebrations?

- | | |
|----------|----------|
| a) Appu | b) Bholu |
| c) Chotu | d) Bhalu |

2. What position does India occupy in the matter of Railway service compared to Russia, Canada, and the USA?

- a) 1—2—3—4
b) 4—3—2—1
c) 4—2—3—1
d) 2—3—1—4

4. There is something odd about this picture. What is it?



6. India's first electric train, which ran between Kalyan and Pune, was identified as:

- a) Kalyan Rani
b) Pune Express
c) Deccan Queen
d) Vindhya Rani which?

7. Where is Film City located?

- a) Chennai b) Mumbai
c) Hyderabad d) Kolkata

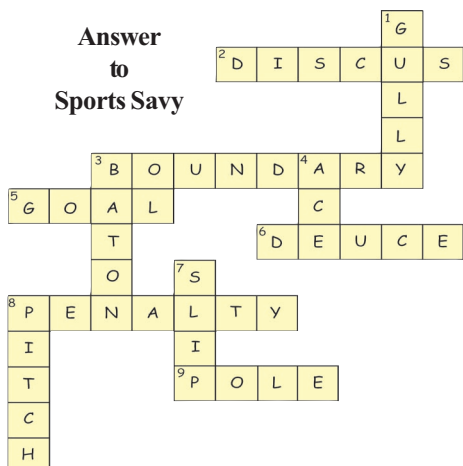
3. Where will you go to visit the Whispering Gallery?

- a) Gol Gumbaz (Bijapur) b) Hawa Mahal (Jaipur)
c) Ajanta Caves (Aurangabad) d) Taj Mahal (Agra)

8. The following were recipients of the Nobel Prize. In which year did they receive the Award?

- a) C.V. Raman b) Hargobind Khorana
c) Rabindranath Tagore d) S. Chandrasekhar

Answer
to
Sports Savy



Brains and Books (August)

Participant's name.....

Age Class School.....

Home address

.....PIN.....

Parent's signature

Participant's signature

B.Govind of Mumbai writes:

The July issue was fantastic. "True Cases of Mystery and Detection" was excellent.

Mrs.Swapna Dutta writes from Delhi:

I think the new version of *Chandamama* looks very attractive, and it should be popular with children.

P.Suresh Kumar of Nellore has this to say:

"Heroes of India" makes me refer library books. Please provide more quiz and add more contests.

Runjhun Gupta of Ghaziabad writes:

I like "Unsolved Mysteries"; they are very interesting. Please publish something on UFOs. I liked "The wrestler and the silly ghost", "Strange host near forest", and "Free advice".

ON 'VASUDHA'

This came from Shri T.R.Baalu, Union Minister of Environment and Forests, New Delhi:

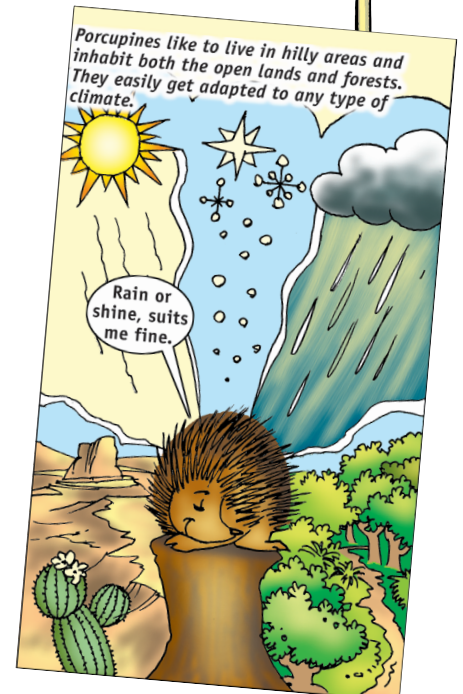
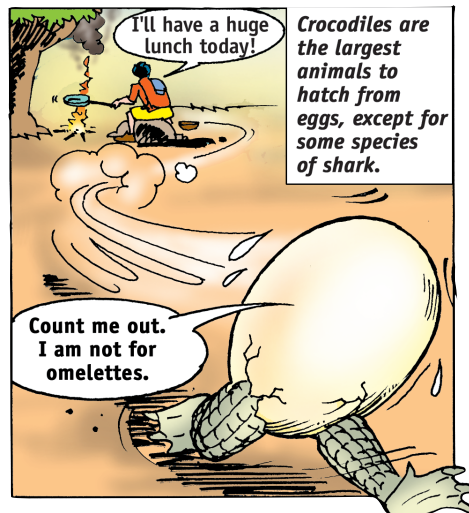
The supplement on bio-diversity has indeed been brought out with a lot of imagination so as to attract the minds of young children. I congratulate the efforts made by *Chandamama* to propagate the ideals of conservation and protection of the environment and nature among children.

This came from R.Lalitha, Natesa Nagar, Chennai:

I am in the 9th Standard. *Vasudha* — the supplement containing your tremendous pains to convey the need of environment—has definitely created a feeling of love for Nature in us and formed a sense of the need to save it. You have correctly said, we children should feel a concern for nature; we want to do something about it but we are unaware of what to do to save nature... something exciting and useful for everybody, like a club for Nature. I would like to receive suggestions from you or our readers, on how such a club can function.



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Printed and Published by B. Viswanatha Reddi at B.N.K. Press Pvt.
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* see page no.65

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